THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

MARCH 1, 1808.

THE SCHOOL OF ELOQUENCE AND *GRACE*.

Mr. Satirist,

If for nothing else, but that by his restrictive statutes, which forbade the discussion of politics, he diverted the philosophic mind of Professor Tell-well into its proper channel, your favorite Pitt would well deserve a higher immortality than bronze or marble can bestow. What an age of wonders do we live in! Well might Horace exclaim, "*nil mortalibus arduum est!*" and we cannot too ardently express our gratitude to those sages, whose labours thus tend to dignify and exalt our nature. The discoveries of Professor Tell-well will form an æra in the history of human intellect.

You probably wonder at these observations, but you will cease to do so, when you have heard my story. A short time since, an uncle of mine died, leaving me a very considerable fortune, upon condition that I took his name and married his daughter. The first condition was easy enough, but the latter was the devil: for my cousin may be said to have concentrated in her the essence of all that can be conceived disagreeable in woman. She is carotty, short, and squat, with a protuberance behind too luxuriant even for the taste of a Bosjesman*: then she squints,

* See Barrow's Travels in Africa.

and her legs, though she is ever affecting to dance, are as thick as mill-posts; besides this, she stutters and gabbles most abominably, so that as if a woman's tattle was not tiresome enough in itself, you have every word multiplied twenty-fold; but her personal defects are trifling, compared to the vices of her disposition; ridiculously consequential and vain, she fancies that she engrosses *all the talents* in the world, and that, wherever she appears, she alone is the object of admiration. Then she is a liar, a profane swearer, a dram-drinker, has been detected in swindling and pilfering, and is shrewdly suspected of unchastity. To think of marrying her was madness, to lose her fortune was worse.

I was in a fever of indecision, and vaccillating between the extreme points of honour and poverty, when I accidentally met with one of Mr. Professor Tell-well's advertisements. I flew instantly to his house; I explained my case; the Professor smiled, and without answering a word conducted me to his lecture-room; there was a number of strange looking people in it, but all too much engaged to notice me. "Sit here," said the Professor, leading me to a form; "your own eyes shall judge of my power to serve you."

Saying this, he left me; and I began to look about to see what was going on. In one part of the room, which from an inscription on the wall, I perceived, was set apart for the senior class or *elect*, that is for those who excelled in eloquence and *grace*, mounted upon an old porter butt, stood a tall spare man in black, with a hooked nose, haggard visage, and scraggling hair, who harangued with a peculiar fervor of *spirit* upon *faith* and *grace*. From the subject and manner, indeed, a common observer would have called him a POLITICAL METHODIST. "By faith and grace," said he, "ye shall all be saved. By faith, I mean not faith in your friends, for what merit would

there be in that? No, have faith in your enemies, and entreat them kindly. If thine enemy kick thy breech, let him cut it off also, if so it willeth him. Ye are forbidden to smite your enemies, and if they cut your throats, is it not better so to die, than by resistance to offend against the law of morality?"

Within the tub, upon which the orator stood, sat his clerk, a pious and godly looking man, who made his responses with great devotion, and chaunted a hymn in the true conventical spirit. I was told afterwards, that he was a brewer, and had furnished the tub for the purpose from his own brewery: I should not, otherwise, have been able to account for his humility, for, from his manner, he did not appear to me to be a WHIT-*bred* worse, or worse calculated to hold forth than the preacher himself.

Among the orator's audience I could not but notice one, drest in a gown and large flowing wig, who seemed to be particularly impatient to speak himself. He began several times, but could get no further than I, I, I; when he found his attempts to gain attention did not succeed, he consoled himself with ogling and toying with a buxom wench, whom he had concealed under his gown; from this I concluded that he had made no small progress in *grace*, and was a *saint* of the higher order.

Others, however, were more attentive to the orator; and two of his audience, particularly attracted my notice by the profound attention which they seemed to pay. In truth they were two strange looking animals. One of them, who, by the bye, had on a shirt which a chimney-sweeper would have blushed to wear, was as round as a *Norfolk* dumpling; and the other, who stood by his side, was little less fat, and seemed to hang upon the speaker's words, as much petrified by admiration as a piece of *Derbyshire* spar. So profound, indeed, was their abstraction, that a red-nosed drunken-looking rogue, who

had been playing several *merry-andrew* tricks, took the opportunity of emptying their pockets, and handing their contents to a little punchy fellow who stood near him; and they *managed* the *scene* so well between them, that I dare say it will never be heard of at *Bow-street*.

The professor himself, however, now appeared with his lady and assistants within a recess, raised something above the level of the floor, and I turned from the orator, who still kept speaking, to attend to his operations; but my gravity was almost disconcerted by the grimaces of a little *petty* fellow whom the lady was scourging, because he would not stand in the stocks, in which she had placed him; and what made it particularly ludicrous was the violent indignation which the little fellow expressed at being set to learn the first rudiments of dancing, when, as he affirmed, he could cut capers with De Hayes, and stand as long upon one leg as any *other goose* in the kingdom.

This idea, I conceived, was probably suggested to him by a large basket of geese that stood near the professor, and were, it seemed, to be instructed by him in the art of dramatic* criticism, for the purpose of furnishing remarks on the theatres and actors for the EXAMINER, NEWS, BEAU MONDE, &c. Indeed, I perceived that the professor paid particular attention to the drama, for over the recess were the busts of three great modern actors. Upon the chin of our great tragedian was a *black-bird*, which I have no doubt was symbolical of something, but I had not sufficient learning to understand the allusion.

My mind, however, was soon abstracted from all *petty* considerations by the wonders which I saw. A large fat gentleman, with an extremely *broad bottom*, advanced in front of the recess. The professor told him, that *broad-*

* I never understood before what actors and dramatic authors meant, when they talked of "*getting the goose*;" upon seeing the critics the phrase was accounted for.

bottoms were entirely inconsistent with *grace*, and that it was absolutely necessary, therefore, that he should be *debottomised*. The *broad-bottomed* gentleman started some objections to the operation; but one as fat as himself, who it seemed was his nephew, and who for something he had done wore the *foolscap*, shewed him a large plaister of *gold leaf*, which he told his uncle was a sovereign remedy for all *sores*. And, at length, as there was a *grey* friar, and a holy father from the monastery of STOW, prepared to apply the *extreme* unction, should there be necessity, the gentleman of the *broad bottom* consented to lose as much of his posterior protuberance as would reduce it within the line of *grace*. The professor left the operation to one of his assistants, a little dapper fellow in a black gown and wig, who took up a sharp cutting *bill*, and set about it very dextrously. Taliacotius was nothing to him.*

At the same time another of the professor's assistants, who, from the attitude in which he sat, appeared to be a *tailor*, had got a tall young fellow's head in his lap, and was clipping his tongue with a tremendous pair of shears; but this was violently opposed by an old haggard fellow in rusty black, with a red cap on his head, who TOOK it very ill that they should interfere with his pupil, and swore, that if the lad's tongue were clipped, he would never be able to join in his DIVERSIONS again, nor ever pronounce properly Bastille or Aris as long as he should live.

During this the professor himself was not idle: in fact, the operation which he performed appeared to me more wonderful than all the rest: he was working a spunge, such as that with which they clean out great guns, up

* So Taliacotius from
The brawny part of porter's —n."
HUDIBRAS.

and down the throat of a man, who, as I afterwards learnt, had been a Milesian advocate, but now wished to become a *leading* political orator; and this spunging was done for the purpose of clearing his throat of the *bur*, which gave his elocution a most arrant *brogue*. One of his Milesian friends, who by the way was a NEWPORT smuggler and had been *exchequered*, assisted at the operation; the success of which I could not sufficiently admire, for the brogue and guttural sounds issued from his mouth in such abundance, and with so much violence, that a parcel of asses, that were sent from LITCHFIELD to be instructed for the CABINET, set up a loud bray, in which they were joined by the hissing and cackling of the *critical* geese, the *groans* of the *broad-bottom'd* gentleman, and the pious hymns of the clerk in the tub: and the clamour was increased by the orator upon the tub having knocked down, in the fervor of his harangue, the head of Demosthenes upon the head of him, who sat toying with his grl; and who was too much elated by vanity to be silent, when he found that his head had broken that of the Greek orator in pieces, since he argued from thence, that his own head must be the better of the two.

In short, Mr. Satirist, from what I saw, and have attempted to describe, (and that my description may be plainer, I accompany it with a drawing I made on the spot) I see no reason now to hesitate to fulfil the conditions of my uncle's will; since, were my cousin, if possible, ten times more deformed than she is, I may have her *converted* into a perfect model of *grace*; and her present vices, when washed away, will only serve to shew the efficacy of *faith* and *regeneration*. Indeed, Mr. Satirist, I almost wish that you had some faults or imperfections, that you might, from experience, be convinced of the professor's wonder-working abilities.

THAUMASO SCRUTINY.

ADDRESS TO THE SATIRIST.

ALTHOUGH we cannot but feel highly flattered by the following lines, it was a considerable time 'ere our vanity could so far overcome our modesty, as to permit their insertion.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona!
——————— Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.———

Health to THE SATIRIST! whose daring hand
Scourges the rampant follies of the land,
That British bard, who, warm'd by generous fires,
To deeds of highest enterprise aspires!*
Ha! with what joy, with what exulting pride,
I view'd our censor lash the flippant guide,†
Whom ALL THE TALENTS‡, propping, rear'd elate
To stain the ‡‡on of CHATHAM's hallow'd seat:

* I request the numerous readers of THE SATIRIST to allow me here to refer them to the animated Prologue of No. I. published in October, 1807; and particularly to the following lines:

"Oh come, propitious! *virtuous* SATIRE, come!
"Knot the dread scourge, and guide it soundly home;
"Till those, who boast themselves of British blood,
"Prove, by their acts, their titles true and good."

† *Vide* THE SATIRIST, No. I. p. 40, 55. No. IV. p. 345, 363. No. V. 451, &c.

‡ *Lucus a non lucendo.* Query, whether, from their harpy propensities, a more appropriate designation might not have been devised? e. g. ALL THE TALONS. Virgil very accurately describes the foul disorder and intemperate haste with which THE TALONS seized on the loaves and fishes:

Whence, soon, a monarch's indignation sore
Hurl'd him, like Lucifer, to rise no more;
Nor him alone, but all the sturdy brood
That round the throne in bullying phalanx stood.*
Health to THE SATIRIST, whose judgment true
Gives to each author's work a strict review:
Whether a Lord step forth, whose *Idle Hours*†
Display, midst petty wits, his minor powers;
Or Pedant dull, whose *Exodus*,‡ alas!
Proves that the rhymer should be "sent to grass:"§
Or brutal EL——N, whose hand compiles
Royal Eclipses for thy crew,‖ St. Giles!
Now with his *Mother*¶ rushes to the stews,
And now, in *Dublin*,** 'vents stale lies for Hughes;

"At subitæ horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt
"Harpyiæ; et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas:
"Diripiuntque dapes, *contactuque omnia fœdant*."

And he moreover tells us, how Celæno, (in English W*dh*m) whom he styles "infelix vates," became the μαντις κακων of the baffled spoilers. Æn. iii. 245—258. The passage is really pathetic.

‡ *Patre digno filius dignior!* How could our dancing lord—so fresh from the ferule—forget the speech of Apollo?

"Magna petis, Phaëton, et quæ nec viribus istis
"Munera conveniant, nec tam puerilibus annis," &c.

* Sic, audax cœlos ascendere, turba gigantum
Corruit in tenebras, fulmine tacta Jovis.

† *The Hours of Idleness*, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a *minor*, justly reprobated in THE SATIRIST, No. I. p. 77.

‡ No. IV. p. 409. *Exodus*, by Charles Hoyle, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Hoyle plays an excellent game in the *Combination Room*, &c. but the poor gentleman went sadly "out of the way," when he took a trip to Parnassus.

§ A *Cambridge* phrase, well understood by Mr. Hoyle.

‖ No. I. p. 63. *The Royal Eclipse*, by Diogenes.

¶ No. II. p. 181. *The Infidel Mother*, by Charles Sedley.

** No III. p. 291. *A Winter in Dublin*, by the same.

Perch'd in a vile *Barouche*,* drives up and down,
And with *Investigation*† stuns the town:
Till, through "the lowest deep" of slander past,
The *Faro Table*‡ gravels him at last.

Health to THE SATIRIST, whose candid praise
Crowns two translators§ with unfading bays:
On GIFFORD¶ and on HODGSON smiles applause,
And most impartially decides the cause,
That this for elegance, and that for force,
Trains this proud foal to match the Roman's horse.‖

Health to THE SATIRIST! a friend unknown,
A man, who honours GOD and loves the throne;

* No. I. p. 69. *The Barouche Driver and his Wife*, by the same.

† No. I. p. 66. *Royal Investigation*, by a Serjeant.

‡ No. V. p. 529. *The Faro Table*, by Charles Sedley.

It is earnestly recommended to Mr. Hughes, that the bellman should, in consequence of the outrage recently committed in Wigmore-street, be instructed to make proclamation to the following effect:

Oyez, oyez, oyez! This is to give notice, that Mr. J. F. Hughes, bibliopolist and *buckhorse* of Wigmore-street, having recently been *soundly drubbed* on account of certain passages in one of the above-mentioned compilations; and wishing calmly, quietly, and dispassionately, to punish the perpetrators of the outrage, in the true *buckhorse* way, will give a copy of Charles Sedley's works, bound in calf, to the best parodier of the 7th Satire in Horace. The Satire begins thus:

"PROSCRIPTI REGIS, &c. &c. &c.

§ No. V. p. 516. *The Satires of Juvenal*, translated and illustrated by Francis Hodgson, A.M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

¶ ——————————— decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos auruncæ flexit alumnus.

‖ In our review of Mr. Hodgson's Juvenal, we stated that his great rival translator Mr. Gifford, had taken the unusual liberty of introducing an image unknown to the original.—"Oh, *for an eagle's wings*," &c. But we have since seen the second edition of Mr. G.'s excellent work (published two years before Mr. Hodgson's appeared), in which he has corrected the error alluded to, and rendered the first lines of the second satire in the same correct and masterly style that characterises the rest of his admirable translation. *E.*

One, who, (himself content with humble fate,)
Wishes his country's weal in church and state;
One, who, deriding stern NAPOLEON's strife,
Prizes his freedom far above his life;
In factious parties scorning to enlist,
Pays this short tribute to THE SATIRIST.

MUSÆUS.

FEMALE COSTUME.

MR. SATIRIST,

I AM the lineal descendant of a family, that flourished with great respectability and repute, at the period of time, when a country gentleman, in the possession of a thousand pounds a year, was considered a very important personage by his neighbourhood in particular, and the country in which he resided in general; when such an ample independancy distinguished him as the principal of his parish, elevated him to the bench, and advanced him to the sheriffalty; conferring high importance upon his wife, and consequence to his daughters; keeping up the character of his stud, his cellar, kitchen, and table: and enabling him to convey his family every Sunday to their parish church, and annually to the county assize ball, in the substantial old coach that had devolved to him along with the estate. Such a picture of old-fashioned gentility and substantial comfort, my ancestors presented for a latter century or two, their manners imperceptibly changing with the times, and the progress of refinement; but their respectability continuing the same, even from the days of feudalism, when their affection and spirit endeared them to their Lord, as in after times their patriotism and loyalty bound them to their sovereign.

You, Sir, are sufficiently acquainted with the world at this time, to judge how inadequately their posterity could support the family dignity upon the patrimonial income. Overgrown contractors, and emaciated nabobs, overwhelm the plain old English gentleman, whilst the balance of commercial property kicks up the scale of hereditary possessions and ancestorial honours; increasing luxuries and the decreasing value of money necessarily diminishing the former, though I think the value of the latter rather gaining in proportion as other deprivations presented themselves. A numerous family of sons and daughters, divided and subdivided the inheritance of my forefathers, till nearly every trace of its former importance was vanished, excepting in the memory of its posterity: but that was most tenaciously faithful, retracing its name and consequence with the most scrupulous exactness, even to the days of the conqueror: although scarcely a tree was remaining amongst them, save the genealogical one—but that flourished in all its ramifications, nursed and cherished by its possessors as their former pride and present solace. One shoot from its venerable trunk has now the honor of addressing you: condemned to old bachelorship, because I possess too small a portion of their fortunes, to venture upon a wife of these days; too much of that before-mentioned pride, to marry any woman whose family has not been known for one century at least; and too fond of the country and its enjoyments to relinquish them, by attempting to improve my little inheritance by commerce, which I rather suspect not any of my family ever possessed the talents to render successful. But I am speaking of myself, before I have finished with my great-great-grandfather, whose uprightness of conduct and irreproachability of character, advanced him, in the estimation of all his neighbours, amongst whom was no less a personage than the friend of the inimitable Spectator,

the worthy and well-known Sir Roger de Coverley: his pleasant humour and gentle manners, endeared him greatly to the family circle, and I have frequently heard my paternal grandmother relate, that one of my great aunts spared not any pains to console the good-humoured knight, for the infidelity of the widow. After Sir Roger's occasional visits to the metropolis, he would not fail to amuse his country neighbours with anecdotes of "the club," and descriptions of its members. The character of the Spectator, and its periodical paper, affording an infinite source of interest and amusement to them. About the same period, my great great-grandfather taking a journey to London to present a county petition, brought back with him a portrait of Mr. Spec, as he was familiarly called amongst them: this was received as a most valuable present, and it has been carefully preserved through every succeeding generation, now hanging over my fireplace. My habits of economy, and love of retirement, have excluded me from much intercourse with the world; but I have no quarrel with it, frequently taking a peep at it incog. from the theatres, and regularly collecting around me those periodical works that give an epitome of what is passing on the larger stage of life. To day, I have received the last number of a new work, abounding with amusement and intellectual gratification, and whose title offers no alarm to me, as my sequestered home, and its inhabitant are too retired and noiseless to come within even the tip end of the lash of "The Satirist." The perusal of it interested me so much, that the usual hour of my afternoon's nap was protracted, until habit overpowered my mental enjoyment, and I insensibly dropped asleep, although I had imagined the portrait of the Spectator, to which I sat opposite, smiled approbation on the pages I was perusing. Scarcely had Morpheus crowned me with his poppies, e're Queen Mab was "with me;" and

though I was neither soldier nor parson, lawyer nor lover, she managed to whip her little maggot-drawn chariot across my brains, and tickle my fancy with the very shadow of what would prove the most substantial waking pleasure I could enjoy. She transported me across the Styx, and without the scrutiny of Minos, or the judgment of Rhadamanthus, I found myself safely admitted to the Elysian Fields, and saw a shade advancing towards me, which, on a nearer approach, presented the very features I daily contemplate, the mild and discriminating countenance of the Spectator: "I need no one," said the shade, "to inform me, that you are *my* countryman; and I congratulate you upon your arrival amidst these scenes of eternal beauty, and to the society of purified and immortal spirits: yet so much of my former nature remains, so many human affections cling even to my present state, that I cannot refrain from feeling a solicitude for that world which you have just left, or entirely renounce the hope, that the Spectator is not wholly forgotten there. "Respected shade of the most virtuous of mortals," I replied, "to meet with you is elysium indeed! No; the world is not so degenerated, so lost to virtue and sentiment, as to have forgotten your exertions in its cause: your name is yet revered, your writings admired, and your character is honoured. I wish I could add that their influence was felt; but alas! how many will applaud what few will imitate: "I did not," he answered, "expect to reform a world, but cherished the sweet hope that I might amend it; that some wanderer from virtue, some child of folly, some victim of inexperience, might hear a warning voice in admonitions, and that I should not prove an useless SPECTATOR of a world, in whose happiness I so largely participated. To the female part of it, my best services were ever devoted; their liberal minds, generous feelings,

and dependant state, interested my whole soul; amiable, virtuous, and chaste, I consider them as an honor to their own sex, and a blessing to ours.' "All this I believe them to be," I answered, "yet I fear your faith might falter, was I to describe the appearance of those, to whom you were when on earth, so watchful a guardian; what would you feel: *you*, who petitioned but to have the tucker a little advanced, to observe the ladies of my day without any tucker at all: with arms, bosoms, shoulders, all exposed to the public gaze; who present themselves at theatres and places of public amusement, as though they had quitted their houses with but half their habiliments upon them! A young friend of mine, an innocent rustic from the country, or as they would term him, a bumpkin just escaped from thence, made a precipitate retreat from the drawing-room where a party of young women were assembled, and came blushing to the lady of the house, to apologize for having gone by mistake into the *dressing-room* of her visitors; but a deeper feeling must agitate the sensibility of every man of delicacy and sentiment, who sees the woman he loves, or whom he wishes to love, *thus* exposing her person, not only to the indiscriminate gaze of the circle, but to that of her own and every *footman* that waits behind her chair: but I see your surprise and horror, and will cease the subject that has occasioned it." "Pray, Sir," replied he, with a pensive accent, "pray proceed; for although you judge rightly of the impression that your information has made upon me, yet I would fain learn, what direful revolution in the female mind, can have occasioned such a departure from what was ever considered its most attractive charm; what fashion can have misled, what example have seduced them so to have thrown aside the beautiful mantle of delicacy, which their grandmothers preserved, as a vesture without spot or blemish? I saw how

how deeply the virtuous soul of Addison was moved, and I added, " that the influence of a neighbouring kingdom, whose atrocities had filled Europe with dismay; where men laying aside all of honour, patriotism, and loyalty, and women, all of delicacy, humanity, and virtue, had set a baneful example to surrounding nations, that had in a lamentable degree infected our own happy island." " Something of this," rejoined he, " has disturbed even the peace of these blissful bowers; accounts which have reached them from the world you have so lately quitted, describe Englishmen too, as having been tainted from the same poisonous fountain, with principles as inimical to their true interests, and those of their excellent constitution, as is the prevalent mode of attire derogatory to the genuine character of British wives and daughters." " Every observer of taste and elegance," I answered him, " must rejoice, that the formal habiliments of the last century are yielding to ease and gracefulness: had the soft and transparent sleeve, that gives liberty and beauty to the arm, been allowed to hold its proper place, and not abridged to a mere shoulder-strap: had the graceful costume of the head received its full effect, by confining its luxuriant tresses around it, without suffering the shoulders to proclaim their naked shame: had the light and yielding robe but folded *over* rather than *below* the bosom, all would have been well, and modesty and delicacy would have joined hands with beauty and elegance. Ah!" I continued, " that you might be permitted to evade the immutable laws of Minos, and return to the upper world, for the sake of those to whose best interests you were once so truly devoted." " My friend," he seriously replied, " if the good sense, the native purity, the delicacy of affections and the honour of the female sex, will not correct this crying evil, neither would they reform though I was to arise from the dead; but I most fervently hope,

that we shall hear from our next visitors, that the delusion we lament no longer exists. It is in the moral as in the natural world, violent commotions do not confine their desolating effects alone to the region where the tempest arises, but agitate in a less degree, every surrounding country; yet as the first convulsion ceases, so all within its influence regain their former calm and tranquillity, and the voice of reason assuages the turbulence of the passions, as oil thrown upon the raging sea shall cause its waves to subside, and its roarings to be still. Such I trust will be the fate of our beloved country; for although it may have received a temporary contagion from the pestilence around, yet as the disease is foreign to the constitution, and meets with no inherent principle to feed the poison, its health and beauty shall appear with renewed lustre from their suspension; that the exterior of my dear country-women will be emblematical of the purity *within*; that Englishmen, living under the happiest laws, governed by the mildest of kings, and knowing no other restraints than those of justice and virtue, will disdain to sacrifice such blessings on the baseless shrine of regicide murderers, republican tyrants, and aristocratical usurpers." The energetic folding of my hands that accompanied this wish, as my heart participated in it, awoke me; but though the delightful intercourse with which I had been favored was interrupted, I found many substantial enjoyments remaining. My warm clean hearth, my cheerful fire, my affectionate dog, my faithful servant, the Spectator looking benignly upon me, and the last number of the Satirist (yet to read) upon my table, which speaks to the follies and vanities of the world, with as warning a voice, and as caustic an appeal, as though the grave could resign its inmate, and the spirit of the sage resume its untenanted clay.

I am, Sir,

Yours most respectfully,

HUGH DE NORMAN.

A CHARACTER.

No. VI.

In life's first ranks, by fav'ring fortune plac'd,
With every gift of birth and fortune grac'd;
With sense enough to draw from Wingate's lore,
This wholesome truth, that two and two make four.
Ah! what could tempt thee, B—t, to engage
For patriot's glory on the senate's stage?
Cock of a country club, thy factious tongue
'Midst gaping crowds of farmers might have rung
Th' eternal change of discontent, which brings
Perpetual blame on ministers and kings.
But think'st thou, talents such as thine could gain
Applause from fam'd St. Stephen's knowing train?
Seditious friends with scorn thy stuff shall hear,
And Tooke contemptuous from the gallery sneer!
For wit will ever dulness ridicule,
And those who drain the purse, will mock the fool.
Tho' needy profligacy veil'd in night,
Takes through the troubled air her silent flight,
As midnight thieves in quest of plunder prowl,
Where fires blaze high, and smoky volumes roll:
Those who, by sense and reason unendow'd,
By wealth alone distinguish'd from the crowd,
A short-liv'd gleam of empty fame enjoy,
Are only fleeced by minions they employ.
Then, B—t, to my warning voice attend,
(The faithful warning of a real friend)
Retire in time. 'Tis not because I dread,
The fate of Despard hanging on thy head,
I thus advise; such dread thou need'st not feel:
"Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?"
But that thou stand'st to all mankind confess'd,
The senate's scandal and the nation's jest.

CENSOR TO THE SATIRIST.

MR. SATIRIST,

THERE is no character so dangerous to society as that which possesses the art of making folly pleasing, and giving to vice the semblance of virtue. The human heart is wofully disposed to deceive itself, and does not want the artificial aids of corruption to increase its natural propensities to evil. The wisdom of an ancient republic, so much celebrated for the rigors of its discipline, is said to have established the custom of exposing drunken slaves to the view of their youth, in order to impress on their tender minds an abhorrence of that degrading vice. This custom was founded in reason, and a correct knowledge of human nature; for though the passage to vice may be of easy descent, few have been known to attain, at one step, the extremes of it.

Nemo est repente turpissimus.

The idea of crime is at first abhorrent to every mind; and it is by a gradual familiarity, that the worst of men have arrived at the last stage of their depravity. Whoever, therefore, has been base enough to practise those arts which loosen the bonds of morality, who has dared to debauch the mind from its innocence, who has so skilfully blended the colors of vice and virtue, as to obscure all distinction between them, and has exerted the powers of pleasing to lull asleep the admonitions of another conscience, is a traitor to honour, to virtue, to society, and deserves to be excluded from human intercourse for ever. A chearful temper, a ready wit, a convivial disposition, and pleasing manners, joined to a knowledge of the world, and an insight into the weakness of human nature, is sufficient to compose a character which may produce all this abundant mischief. A person endued with these qualities,

and devoid of honest principles, may give a wider extent to the progress of corruption, than a whole race of bold and avowed profligates. Such a character, while he possesses the power of giving pleasure to all, is particularly calculated to excite the envy, intoxicate the virtue, and win the confidence of unsuspicious youth, who, aiming at the possession of those qualities which he admires, will acquire the insensibility of what is truly good that lurks beneath them, and becomes, perhaps, a bankrupt in honor as well as in fortune, beyond every hope of recovery. That "ridicule is the test of truth," has been a favorite doctrine with a few visionary men of great reputation; but the experience of every day is against it, and the knowledge of every reflecting man will give the ready lie to such a flattering but deceitful hypothesis. Virtue may be laughed at with some degree of success, even among men who are the votaries of it; a ridicule may direct its shafts with such unlucky skill against virtuous characters, by seizing the foible from which none are free, that the gravity of age shall not be able to withhold a transient approbation, while the gaiety of youth will give the hearty tribute of an unreflecting applause. But the mischief extends far beyond an indiscreet testimony to the fallacious merits of a wicked wit; for no one will be hardy enough to deny, that when once a man is in the habit of laughing at what is right, he is on the verge of doing any thing, and almost every thing that is wrong.

It may be further observed, that men of wit, being in general men of vanity, are continually engaged in catching applause, and not only sacrifice the rights of friendship, but will violate the principles of virtue, and even trample upon the duties of religion, to obtain their object. Besides, the witty is sometimes a profligate character, and will naturally exert the force of his talents against those

superior qualifications in other men, which are at enmity with his own.

To associate, therefore, with men of such a complexion, is to support a continual scorn of whatever is fair in reputation, amiable in manners, or honorable in life. I turn pale at the reflection, that men, who can gild infamy with good humour, and by the power of their wit, steal abhorrence from vice, and devotion from virtue, find, in the corruption of the present times, encouragement, applause, and protection.

I am not seduced by fancy, nor deluded by conjecture; for I could give the name of a man to whom every observation I have written may be justly applied.

CENSOR.

THE UNINHABITABLE ISLAND;

OR,

THE PHILANTHROPIC BEAR.

A Dramatic Sketch.

MR. SATIRIST,

SHOULDN'T presume to address you, if I had not first taken the advice and opinion of the gentlemen of our club upon the subject; but our president, who is a bookseller's assistant, or *shopman*, as the *can-ale* call it, says, that he has heard all the learned gentlemen as come to his *superior's* shop, say that you are the cleverest man going; and that you know more about the drama than all the dramatic critics put together; and so, Sir, it was agreed *nem. con.* that I should write to you upon the subject, of which we can make nothing; though without vanity I may say, that there is not a set of more witty or politer gentlemen in any club in all *Marrybone* than there is in

our's: or else, believe me, I would not belong to it. But to the business.

You must know, Sir, that, the other day, as I was carrying home one of my new invented flaxen scalps to a lady of fashion, as lives in one of the squares going out of Fleet-street, just as I was passing through Russel-co u Drury-lane, I saw a shabby looking gentleman in black pop out of an eating-house. He instantly clapped his handkerchief to his face, as if he had got the tooth-*aitch*,* or wished to pass unknown; but in taking it out of his pocket, he pulled out, at the same time, the little parcel of slips of paper which I enclose herewith. I picked them up, and called to the gentleman, but the sound of my voice seemed to frighten him, for he directly ran down a little dark alley, and I lost sight of him. I was in a great hurry, for the lady, as I was carrying the scalp to, was going to give that night a route and masquerade; so I could not spare time to follow the gentleman. However, as I came back, I enquired at the eating house if they knew any thing about him: the waiter told me, he recollected seeing such a man, but he had not called for any thing, so he had not taken much notice of him. Upon this I thought I might as well take the papers home; they might do to try my irons on, if they were fit for nothing else. But when I came to look into them, I found they were above me; so I resolved to submit them to the opinion of our club. We found it was about a

* You must know it is a forfeit in our club to call an ache any thing but *aitch*, for we are all great admirers of Mr. Kemble, and particularly of his black *bird*, or beard, as the vulgar pronounce it. We had a great H painted over our president's chair, but one day some impudent fellow had drawn a caricature of Mr. Kemble in his Prospero's dress, hanging upon the cross bar of the letter; so we voted that it should be effaced altogether, that there might be no more such saucy jokes in future.

play: but we agreed it would not be adviseable to advertise it, as the owner might not be able to pay the expences of the advertisement; and yet we thought it a pity the poor gentleman should lose it entirely; for it is likely he has no other copy, paper being so dear, and this being written very plainly upon slips torn from the wrappers that have come from a chandler's shop. So hoping you will let the poor gentleman have the chance of finding his *manyscrip* in your clever work, where we think he will be most likely to find it, with the best respects of the club, voted *nem. dis.*

I remain your most truly humble

RALPH RINGLET.

Feb. 10, 1808.

High-street Marrybone.

N. B. Eudosian Favorites and Circassian Scalps made by R. R. upon the most inimitable principles of beauty, elegance, and fashion. Also his new invented *aphrodisian scratch*, a most desirable and interesting article for the ladies.

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**Mem. Hints. Sketch, &c. &c.*

Title is every thing: hit upon a good title, and the thing must go down. How could the quack doctors get

* We have copied the slips of paper, (which are evidently the rough sketch of some one of our modern dramatists) in the order which we received them, pinned together, from our friend Ralph Ringlet. If there be any confusion, therefore, or error in the arrangement, the fault does not lie with us. The papers will be returned, upon application at the office of the Satirist, to the author, who will, however, be expected to prove satisfactorily that he is so. We beg leave to express to Mr. R. Ringlet, and the enlightened club, of which he is so worthy

on, if people looked further than the labels of their bottles. Now the first thing to be thought of in a title is to excite curiosity, and how is this to be done so effectually, as by one which possesses something physically impossible. "The *Uninhabitable* Island! or Philanthropic Bear!" Yes, that must take. For if the scene be laid in an *uninhabitable* region, say the public, who are to be the *dram. pers.*? of course they will go and see, as the manager shrewdly observed to me.

Mem. for prologue. Begin with saying that novelty is scarce to be expected. Every subject exhausted. The mine of wit entirely worked out; and all the interesting imperfections of the body already made the subject of amusement. A *blind*, *lame*, or *deaf* and *dumb* hero would be no novelty. Abuse the unities. Say, nothing, however, about the piece, but leave the audience as much in the dark as ever. It puts people in a good humour to be guessing.

Fable. We have endeavoured of late to do with as little plot as possible. Indeed the critics have snarled a good deal about principle and under plot—now I should like to have neither one nor the other. There would be novelty in a play with no plot. But as the characters must do something when upon the stage, that, perhaps will be scarcely possible: however, it may be easily contrived, that at the end of the play the audience shall know nothing of what it has all been about.

There may be some novelty in the dialogue too. All the serious characters shall talk the slang or cockney dialect, and the comic characters shall grimace in blank verse.

a member, our grateful sense of the high opinion which they are pleased to entertain of us: and we assure Mr. R. R. that we shall not forget to recommend to all our female friends his Circassian Scalps and *Aphrodisian Scratches.*

Mem. To leave spaces, where jokes may be introduced. It is of no use to write any, for the actors will be sure to spoil them by heaping their own witticisms upon them: and therefore it will put them in better humour to give their wit free liberty at once, and let them make the part themselves according to their own fancy. *Mem*: however, to remind them to introduce as many puns upon their own names as they conveniently can; a practice which adds wonderfully to the interest of a piece, by giving it a reality, which it otherwise might not have.

Principal scene of action. A floating isle of ice under the south pole!

Time of action. About four hundred years!

Dram. pers. Of course the whole strength of the company. Characters strongly contrasted and varied. Old English Baron and modern man of fashion, Bears and Irishmen, Ballet-dancers and Opera-singers, Sailors, Sea-horses, Yorkshireman, and Bow-street runners.

Bow-street runners, it is true, are not new characters in the modern dramas. Indeed it is from their frequent introduction, we suppose, that it was thought necessary to employ a Bow-street m——e as manager, that the runner's might be properly instructed in their parts; of course, it would be improper to leave them out in any modern play, as that would be making the worthy m——e of no use in the theatre.

But it is upon incident and dramatic situations, that we principally depend for the success of a piece, and these will be entirely novel.

The island being wholly formed of ice, every part of it must be transparent; so that we may have two or three distinct scenes going on at the same time, which will hurry on the action, and must wonderfully heighten the dramatic effect. Besides, it will please all tastes, since by this mode we may exhibit, all at the same time, a

comic scene on one part of the stage, a serious one on the other, and a serio-comic between both; and of course, people will look at that only, which they like best.

Another advantage, arising from this icy scenery, is, that we shall have no *cognoscenti* carping, as we have at other times, at the spruce green liveries of our scene-painters' trees. Here they may indulge their fancy: and as there is no standard from which to judge, nobody will know, whether they paint nature or caricature her.

Plan of scenes. Act I. *Sc.* 1. *Old gothic hall.*—Baron and baroness discovered at breakfast. Baron complains that his beef-steak is overdone: violent altercation. Baroness throws the plates at baron's head, and exit furiously. Baron soliloquises in dumb shew to plaintive music: resolves to leave his country, to get rid of the termagant baroness.

Sc. 2. A consultation about the mode of escape, between the baron and his servant, a comic character, who wears a mask, and never speaks.

Sc. 3. *A storm at sea.*—Thunder, lightning, wind, hail, rain, snow, and sleet. Whales and porpoises, and sharks tumbling about. Fish flying out of the water like mad. Pasteboard representation of baron and servant in the midst of the waves in great jeopardy.

Sc. 4. *Isle of ice.*—Baron and servant clambering and sliding up and down the rocks. To them enter principal bear and attendant bears, who growl a chorus, the subject of which is the fine feast they shall make of the baron and his servant. Baron sings a bravura, at which the bears are sensibly moved, and express great pleasure. Principal bear embraces the baron, and motions to his attendants to bring refreshments. Never mind where they are to come from. While the baron and servant eat, the bear's daughter dances the P——y hornpipe, and afterwards joins in the E——ne fandango with a young sea-

horse: Baron begins to sing a polacca, but freezes in the middle of it. The principal bear groans a mournful melody, in which, at times, the rest accompany him; form a picturesque groupe, and the scene drops.

Act II. *Scene continues.*—Enter a modern man of fashion and his friend; appear to be in search of some married woman, who has escaped them. Some jokes about the *warmth* of passion, and *coldness* of the climate, &c. *Mem.* To mark strongly here the difference of ancient and modern manners: the baron came to the island to avoid his own wife, and the modern man of fashion comes to it in search of another person's.

The friends exeunt; and lady enters in great distress, sings a ballad, and exit.

Then Irishman and Yorkshireman, and an old testy squire; but what they are to do, not exactly determined between the manager and me, however, can't do without them.

N.B. All these moderns to be provided with patent flesh, patent skins, &c. &c. against the inclemency of the atmosphere.

Acts III. *and* IV.—Scenes of various kinds upon the island, between the bears and the other characters; in all of which the principal bear displays better breeding and good manners, than any of the rest of the characters.

Act V.—Enter two Bow-street runners in search of two persons in disguise: find the baron and his servant exactly in the same state they were four hundred years before; being preserved from decay by a thin coating of ice, which has excluded the air. Bow-street runners immediately conceive these to be the persons they are in search of, and that they only feign insensibility. *Various tricks.* When they find them to be really frozen, they apply galvanism. The baron and servant instantly start up, and the baron concludes the polacca, which he had

left unfinished four hundred years before. The runners take them into custody, but are puzzled how to get them from the island, their ship having been wrecked. They recollect, however, Lord S——e's new-invented gills for working ships; and with these they determine to navigate the island itself. This they perform with wonderful facility: but when the island gets within the tropics, it melts gradually away *(fine novel effect)* and they are all on the point of sinking, when a British frigate appears in sight, and picks them up; which affords a charming opportunity of saying all the fine things, which have been repeated a thousand times before, about the humanity, &c. of the tars of Old England. The baron finds the captain to be his own lineal descendant; they embrace: bears, Bow-street runners, sailors, &c. form a fine groupe, ship fires a grand salute, and the curtain falls.

DRURY-LANE MANAGEMENT.

SIR,

I READ with much pleasure, your strictures on the management of Drury-lane theatre. Mr. Graham is, I believe, universally allowed to be an active and an able magistrate; but he has incontestibly proved himself a most contemptible *dramatic arbiter*: and I not only agree with you, that there is something peculiarly indecorous in the union of the two offices, but will boldly assert, that they are morally incompatible with each other.

As a police magistrate, he must be frequently called upon to exercise his authority over those who are accused of exciting disturbances in the theatre; and these accusations often originate in a diversity of opinion as to the merits of dramas, which he has selected for representation,

and which may, without impropriety, be called, his *children of adoption*: his own literary fame depends, therefore, in a great measure, upon their success or failure. When this, and certain other *theatrical attachments* are considered; is it just, is it decorous, that he should sit in judgment upon a man, who perhaps may have been guilty of no other disturbance or crime than that of hooting from the stage one of these nonsensical adopted children, or expressing his indignation at the awkward exertions of a *favored* (not *favorite*) actress? And could he, in that case, be considered an impartial and unprejudiced judge?

I last night had the misfortune to be present at the first representation of the most contemptible opera ("The *Travellers*" and "*False Alarms*" not excepted) that ever disgraced the British stage; but as its author had apparently hired the whole tribe of *Israel* to support it, those who ventured to express their disapprobation, were instantly assailed and insulted by the sons of *Abraham*. A young man in the pit received a severe contusion from one of their unhallowed fists; and when he remonstrated against such an outrage, the offender sneeringly exclaimed: "You *wash* better take me to *de poleesh offeesh*!" meaning, I presume, the *police office*. The indignation, however, of discerning *christians*, was not to be restrained: and although they liberally conferred applause on the efforts of the scene painter and the composers when they deserved it, they DAMN'D THE PIECE! Many hundreds, and among them doubtless yourself, Mr. Satirist, can attest the veracity of my assertion.* Mr. Bannister in vain attempted to obtain a hearing, when he came forward to announce it for a second representation: not a christian in

* We certainly were present, and candidly confess that the tumult was so great, and the cries of "*off! off!*" so numerous, that it was impossible to hear a word Mr. Bannister said, and we did think that the piece would have been withdrawn!

the house would consent to listen; and he retired *without having effected his purpose.* Judge then, Sir, what must have been my surprise and disgust at reading in *the* BRITISH PRESS of this day, the following remarks. "DRURY-LANE.—A new opera, in four acts, entitled, *Kais, or Love in the Deserts*, was produced at this theatre, for the first time, last night. The fable is, Mr. *D'Israeli's* beautiful Persian romance of the *Loves of Mejoun and Lula*, adapted to the stage *with the happiest effect* by *Mr.* BRANDON." What, in the name of common sense does the silly man mean by "the *happiest effect?*" The only *happy effect* such an adaptation could have possibly produced, was, that by *opening* the *mouths*, and *shutting* the eyes of some *happy* mortals, they perhaps *happily* escaped the fatigue of witnessing a great part of its nonsense and absurdities. Not contented, however, with the above specimen of his sturdy contempt of truth, he thus concludes his impudent criticism: "Whether, considered as a spectacle, or a *combination of sweet sounds*, this piece stands unrivalled, and *will long continue a favorite:* it was announced for *repetition amidst a tumult of applause.*"

In the same paper,* I read the following impertinent conclusion to the daily advertisement of Drury-lane theatre: "The new opera of *Kais*, or, Love in the Deserts, *will be repeated* every evening until further notice." This, and the audacious assertions of its having been "received with unbounded approbation and reiterated applause," in the play bills, were no doubt inserted with the sanction of the *manager*—I had almost said, *the magistrate.*

I confess, Sir, I can see little difference between the man who defrauds me of my money, by pretending that paste is diamonds, and him, who, by *false pretences*, per-

* Many of the daily papers asserted, that Mr. Godwin's Tragedy of "Falkener," had been received with increased and unbounded applause, on the very night when it was, in fact, finally condemned. So much for newspaper intelligence!

suades me to pay six shillings, to see what he assures me is an approved and admired dramatic representation, but which I find to be in fact a collection of insipidity and nonsense. Newspapers were formerly considered as channels of information; now they are little better than the instruments of deception, and every scoundrel and blockhead may purchase praise of their venal editors. Thus are the public misled, and the credulous defrauded.

Three successive dramas (for surely the public will not submit to have such a wretched opera as Kais *forced** upon them) have now been condemned at Drury-lane theatre; and unless some other person be appointed to preside over the literary department, it will not be difficult to prognosticate the fate of the next novelty. I have purposely avoided animadverting upon the particular defects of Mr. Brandon's piece, because it would be interfering with the province of your dramatic critic, who will, I am sure, find an ample field for the exercise of his sagacity and wit.

Of Mr. B. I know nothing but by report: and candor compels me to declare, that report declares him to be an honest and a worthy man. I am, Sir,

Your ardent admirer,

Friday, Feb. 12, 1808. SENEX.

Hanover-Square.

P.S. If you insert this letter, I shall trouble you with a few more observations relative to theatrical management.

NEWSPAPER COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

SIR,

As the newspapers of the day, have as much influence on the public mind, in matters of amusement, as monthly publications have in literary affairs, perhaps you may not

* Yet such has been the case.

think the following COMPARATIVE criticism, unworthy of being added to that department, so ably handled in your excellent miscellany.

On the young lady, who performed Elvira at Drury-lane theatre, the different papers, next day, contained the following contradictory observations:

"She evinced *powers*, which, when rendered familiar to the stage, bid fair to render her an acquisition. Her action, though redundant, was seldom extravagantly incorrect; and it is a fault from which more is to be expected, than despaired of."—*Morning Post, February* 2.

"She seems to be an actress of *excellent conception*, but we are afraid, not possessed of physical strength, since the *weakness* of her *voice*, although she exerted and managed it very judiciously, made her inaudible at the distance of a few yards."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"The new performer, *did not possess one of the requisites*, which have been considered necessary to this part: *she has neither voice, figure, nor deportment; her person is diminutive, her enunciation weak and monotonous, and her action trifling and ungraceful.*"—*Times.*

"She possesses very promising talents. *She has a handsome person, and a graceful carriage; her voice is pleasing and capable of considerable modification*: she is likely to prove a valuable acquisition to the stage."—*Morning Herald.*

One of these two last must have belied the young lady pretty decently!

"She acquitted herself with great *eclat*. Her figure and countenance are extremely interesting; her *voice clear and articulation distinct.*"—*Aurora.*

"She has many of the *lofty qualities* of the Tragic Muse; *she has* likewise the *natural requisites* of person and demeanour, and much of that experience and skill which study supplies. Her person is striking, her voice

is harmonious, her manner has majesty and exterior grace, and she appears fully possessed of the genius of her profession."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

I could produce as much pleasant contradiction in the *critiques* on the new comedy at Covent-Garden, and the new opera at Drury-Lane; but in consideration of your limits, shall not encroach any further at this time, than to subscribe myself your sincere well-wisher,

W. J.

P——NT-RY D-B-TES.

Prologue to the Reader.

*SUPPOSE yourself in Lilliputia set,
And the great council of the nation met;
Suppose, deliver'd fully from the throne,
A true account of all that had been done.
" How stern Blefuscu's tyrant had been crost,
And all his schemes of naval empire lost:
How treach'ry gnashed her teeth and cursed in vain,
As Gotlan's fleet was borne across the main:
How Ganza's royal race, compelled to roam,
Exile preferred to slavery at home:
How still on peace the royal mind was bent,
And all endeavours turned to that event,
Though no return his gracious wish could gain
But empty promises—pretences vain:
Suppose, as usage is, a motion made
That to the K—— their homage should be paid.

* To those who have perused the Travels of the veracious and accurate M. Lemuel Gulliver, it would be unnecessary to observe, that the great similarity that exists between the state of Lilliput and Great Britain, easily accounts for any coincidences that may be found in this poem.

FIT 1*st*.

THEN up great Paddy P——y arose,
Said he was very sorry to oppose
But could not help it—all must be aware
He for *no other purpose* was brought there.
So many topics here were touch'd upon,
It was impossible to fix on one
For censure's shafts;* but he, upon his soul,
That blame might not be wanting, blamed the whole;
So vilely did they rule, he was afraid
By TALENTS no *amendment* could be made.
Ee'r he sat down, he must take leave—to say
At C——n there had been foul play;
And what was worse, by that destructive war,
They had promoted what they meant to mar:
For it was clear to him, and he would shew it,
Not caring if all E——pe came to know it,
That bearing off some dirty rotten planks
Entitled them to B-n-p--te's thanks,
As better suiting his invasive views,
Than leaving ships too old for him to use:
Now he had room enough, he'd build so fast,
Like harlequin he'd make a wand a mast;
Great guns from broken bells would soon melt down,
Cast balls and bombs from his vast iron crown;
Make ships from barrels, beams from splinter'd oars,
And get from empty ars'nals other stores.
Reflection on the theme he could not bear,
Ruin had revell'd in a scene so fair;

* This, in Lilliput, is called a bull on the grand scale. One would naturally imagine, that the more misdeeds there were, it would be the more easy to pitch upon a topic for invective.

Murdered were infants, women, aged people,
Houses lost chimnies, many a church its steeple,
Slain were the soldiers, and—oh dire offences!
*The very mad were driven out of their senses.†
Why, since the m-n-st-rs were bent on ill,
Were they not guilty of more mischief still.
Had he been there he had not been so civil,
†But blown the island wholesale to the devil.

Thus having said, he ceased to rave and blunder,‡
Next Sh——y rose, and with a voice of thunder,
Vow'd we had lost our long-prized honest name,
And basely sacrificed our country's fame;
And what was all the world when these were sold:
A *character* was worth its weight in gold:
For him, he valued *honour* more and more,
And would not change it for the treasury store:
He would not part with it, his life to save;
But carry with him to the lonesome grave
So *fair a fame*—that when extinct and gone
This epitaph might grace his humble stone:
"Here S——y *lies*—his frailties do not scan,
He was a *poor* but VERY *honest* man."

The thoughts of death caus'd the *good man* to weep,
And many of the members fell asleep,
When W——m said: "Here do I stand before ye,
Honour is too the subject of my story;
Much as my friend who lulled you last to rest,
Yes, much as he do I a knave detest;
On history look—you'll find that knavish states
Have come at last to melancholy fates:

* No bull! During a late siege, a bomb fell on the lunatic asylum, to the great terror of its inhabitants who were immediately removed.

† Many groans and sighs from the opposition side of the house, at the conclusion of this affecting picture.

‡ Bursts of applause and laughter from the same side.

Oh! that my country had in this distress
Consulted honour more, and profit less;
Oh! had that "*half-crown* Prince" been let alone
To aid our foe's attempt against the throne;
Better, far better, for this hapless land
To fall with *honour*, than with GLORY* stand.
This climax gained—poor W——m to delight 'em,
With stale conceits went on *ad infinitum!*
Much more was said or *sung*, but after all
They said or *sang*—alas! *they sang but small.*

THE LOITERER.

No. III.

ELOQUENCE has been said to be the gift of the gods; and indeed to judge from its wonderful powers over the human mind we might well conclude its origin to be divine. In every age its influence has been felt and acknowledged. Among the ancients, to whom we are fond of looking up, as to models of perfection, eloquence was deified: and though the moderns have been less ceremonious, and have frequently treated her rather as a prostitute than a goddess, they have at the same time found out, that she is acquainted with a short cut to the temple of their favorite divinity, the god of wealth; and, therefore, whenever she has fallen in their way, they have seldom failed to press her into their service, as a guide.

It is but too true, indeed, that, both in ancient and modern times, eloquence has been made subservient to ambition and avarice. It were idle and pedantic to enume-

* A most palpable error of the press: he must have said *infamy*, or some word to that import—or perhaps his real thoughts have found means to escape from his lips, at an unguarded moment.

rate, as examples, the demagogues of Greece and Rome; and it might seem invidious to point out instances among those of our day, who would be ready to prostitute their *talents* for power and emolument. An infinitely more agreeable subject of consideration is the disinterested eloquence of the orators of the ATHENIAN LYCEUM and BRITISH FORUM: eloquence, indeed, so truly disinterested, that neither the orators themselves, nor any one else, have ever been even suspected of deriving from it the smallest credit or advantage.

But notwithstanding the liberal and harmless plan of these institutions, there have not been wanting persons, either of so envious or so bad a taste, who have attempted to throw ridicule* upon them, and make them appear

* When the orators of the ATHENIAN LYCEUM were in deep debate upon the choice of a proper person to succeed the late Mr. Fox as member for Westminster, after every one had proposed a different person, and, from this variety of opinion, it was at last gravely determined that they should wait in a body upon the dying patriot to be informed of his own wishes upon the subject, an impudent fellow got up, and requested, before they set out, a moment's attention, as the proposition he should have the honour to make would probably save them the trouble of their journey. Among the variety of gentlemen that had been named, they, by some strange oversight, had passed over a person, to whom he conceived no one present could have the least objection; and he was confident, that as soon as he should name him, they would agree unanimously that he was at least the fittest representative of the persons then assembled; he would, therefore, beg leave to propose MR. PIDCOCK, keeper of the *wild beasts* at Exeter Change. This was a wicked attempt to throw a slur upon their meeting; but their gravity was not to be deranged by a thing so unknown in their assembly as wit; so they debated very orderly the qualifications of Mr. Pidcock, and came at length to an unanimous vote, that he would be a very fit person to represent them, that they should therefore subscribe sixpence a head towards raising a fund to defray the expences of the election, and that the president should express the thanks of the assembly to the honourable speaker, who had put Mr. Pidcock in nomination.

contemptible; and to this spirit, whatever color some may pretend to give it, we may attribute the conduct of the color-grinder, who lived next door to the ATHENIAN LYCEUM, and set his mill to work every debating night; and there was something particularly malicious and unprincipled in this, because as he worked his mill with an ass, and these animals always set up a bray, whenever they hear any sound that resembles it, it frequently happened that the voice of the orator was lost in that of the ass. So that many persons, who attended their debates, and who did not happen to have very correct ears, went away, after hearing their most eloquent orations, with no other impression left on their mind but that of an *ass braying*.

But ignorant prejudice has ever been the worst foe of genius, like rust fixing always on the brightest surface: and to form a just opinion of the talents of the orators of these institutions, it is necessary to see and judge for ourselves by attending one of their debates. Impressed with this truth, I repaired, a few nights since, to the BRITISH FORUM; understanding that the orators, who spoke there, were of a higher order and more *classical* abilities, than those of the ATHENIAN LYCEUM.

When I entered the room, the first thing which struck me, was the portrait of a man over the fire-place, with his right hand extended, and two fingers held out in the same position, as our bishops, in old paintings, are represented, in the act of consecration; but I was informed, that the person,* whose likeness† it represented, was the prin-

* *Mister* GALE JONES.

† Upon something behind the figure, which was meant for a table, was painted a scroll, upon which was incribed SIR F. BURDETT; but that the portrait might not from this be supposed to represent the worthy baronet, care has been taken to stick a paper at one corner, with this memorandum written on it: N. B. *This is not the portrait of Sir F. Burdett.*

cipal orator and manager of the institution, and too *enlightened* a philosopher to entertain any idle respect for those *puppets of superstition*, bishops.

I could not enough admire the dignified plainness and simplicity of the president's chair. About half a dozen of loose planks laid across two tressels, formed an elevation sufficient to imply superiority without affecting state. Upon this was placed a little deal table, on which stood two small cotton candles in iron candlestics; and behind the table was an old chair, which had once been rush-bottomed; but either age had destroyed the rushes, or they had been purposely taken out, that the president might not, by being too much at ease, fall asleep, and so give witlings an opportunity of imputing to the eloquence of the orators a narcotic influence. In short, every thing was perfectly in character, and well calculated to give a just impression of the philosophic dignity of the institution.

The subject for the evening's debate was a most interesting one. It was worded thus: "which will burn out soonest, a candle that is often snuffed, or one that is not snuffed at all?" I expected the discussion with considerable impatience, aware that the subject afforded a fine field for the display of oratorical talent.

At length the president appeared, and advanced towards the chair; but being a very little man, as there was no step to the platform, he tried several times in vain to mount it. At last he took a little run, and made a jump, and not springing high enough, he fell and broke his chin against the edge of one of the planks. With the violence of his fall a pair of stays and some parchment measures fell out of his pocket, upon which a grinning fellow observed that, the little man might make a good president enough, but he must be a bungling stay-maker, since he took such bad *measure* of his *jumps*.

A good-natured raw-boned woman, however, now lifted the little thing upon the platform, and, in a shrill clear voice he read the question from the chair. This ceremony he repeated several times to the great amusement of the company, requesting each time that some lady or gentleman would rise and deliver their sentiments. I began, indeed, to fear that we should have a quaker's meeting, for the spirit did not seem to move any one to speak. At length, however, after about half an hour had passed in silence, the gentleman, who was hung in effigy over the chimney, rose: indeed if Demosthenes' opinion be right, that eloquence consists in action, he might be said to have been speaking all the time that he had been in the room, for every muscle in his face kept moving with most eloquent volubility. Some people, it is true, would have called it the dance of St. Vitus, but I am convinced it was the rhetoric of motion. He set out with saying, that it had not been his intention to open the debate: upon a subject of so much importance and interest, there were doubtless many persons better qualified to speak than himself; he rose merely to break the ice, when he had made a hole, others might follow his example and tumble in; but he would just throw out what occurred to him as the leading points of consideration, or rather the *data* or facts from which to argue. Every one, he said, must have observed, that when a candle is left unsnuffed for a long time, the wick becomes very long, and the flame consequently very large, but is removed a great way from the tallow; and that when you snuff it, the flame becomes much smaller, but at the same time much brighter and stronger, and approaches nearer the tallow; and the closer you snuff, the closer the flame approximates to the tallow. The point then to consider would be the respective strength or quality of the respective flames considered with regard to their respective size or quantity, and res-

pective distances from the tallow; but as he had often had occasion to observe, that by snuffing too close the flame grew so strong as to melt the tallow and produce the unpleasant effect called guttering, he should suppose that every sort of snuffing must have a proportionate effect, and should conclude, therefore, that a candle not snuffed at all would burn the longest, supposing them to be exactly similar in their *essential properties or component parts*, that is, in the quantity and quality of the tallow, and of the cotton used for the wick. He sat down with observing, that it would perhaps throw some *light* upon the subject, and serve as a practical *illustration*, if the president would keep snuffing one of his candles, and let the other burn *ad libitum*.

I was delighted and dazzled by the luminous point of view in which the orator had placed the subject, and joined heartily in the applause which followed the oration.

A lady then rose of very sedate and venerable appearance, whom I could not but regard with particular favour, as she strikingly resembled a favourite cat of mine, remarkable for her gravity. She entered into a long and learned history of candles and candle-snuffers, said they were expensive articles; for her part she always burned her kitchen fat instead of candles, and therefore could not be supposed to know which was most economical snuffing or not snuffing; but, in her poor opinion, whichever was most economical, in these hard times, was certainly best.

Her speech was of course received with the profound attention and respect which it merited; and as soon as the applause had ceased, up started a little dapper fellow in a pepper and salt coloured coat, red waistcoat, and black breeches, who preluded very fluently about five minutes, but then discovered, that he had risen without knowing what the question for debate was, when the president,

therefore, at his request, read it to him, he suggested whether snuffing with the fingers might not produce an effect upon the tallow, considerably different from that produced by *other* snuffers.

After him rose a youth of the same interesting appearance as those semi-male neutral things that stand behind haberdasher's counters. He seemed the personification of modesty, and the rouge on his cheek looked like a perpetual blush. He began, in a soft voice, an elogium upon those enlightened members of the agricultural society, who had carried the art of fatting animals to such perfection, that they converted them into a pure and solid mass of tallow: so that we had no longer occasion to import that article from Russia, to make our candles. "No," said he, with all the force of a true orator, "let the Russian fleet be buried in the *Pacific Ocean*;" but by carrying the fleet so unmercifully out of their way, he seemed to founder along with them, and after stammering for some time he sat down in confusion. Having, however recollected himself a little, and perceiving that no one else arose, he got up again, and with all that humility so becoming in a public speaker, asked the president if he had better begin again or go on where he left off. Being told to do as he liked best, he set out again from the beginning, and went through it, without hesitating at most above once in every period.

When he had finished, a short square man, with his weekly beard unmowed, rose with an air of great importance and authority, and expressed his wonder, that so much talent should have been wasted in debating a question, which could not now be of the least consequence; since Mr. Winsor's gas lights must soon supersede the use of candles, and in a few years it would be scarcely believed that such things as snuffers had ever been known.

The opener of the debate now rose to reply, but the

flame of the candle, which the president had left unsnuffed, being drowned in tallow, had just expired, and at the same moment he had unluckily snuffed the other too close and snuffed it out, so that we were left totally in the dark, and the question undecided.

I returned highly amused with the evening's discussion. I heard eloquence, such as never issued from the lips of Demosthenes, of Tully, or of Chatham; grammar such as Lowth or Priscian never dreamed of; and pronunciation and accent for which neither Sheridan nor Walker have left rules in their dictionaries.

C.

P. S. I understood the subject for the next evening's debate to be, "whether Mrs. H. Johnstone, in the character of Jane Shore, ought to wear a white sheet or a hoop-petticoat." I meant to have attended the discussion, but have since learned that Mrs. H. Johnstone has warned the managers not to meddle with her private matters.

THE CANTAB.

No. I.

To those who have been accustomed to judge of the University of Cambridge by the visionary retrospections of its departed members; by the science, and acuteness which its professors have displayed in the elucidation of the mathematical sciences; or by the eminence of many of its members in their respective professions, nothing will appear more invidious or unnecessary than a paper like the present. If every object of an academical institution could be obtained by the study of *theoretical* philosophy, the most rigid disciplinarian would find but little reason

for complaint. The different branches of mathematics have been examined with an industry and attention which nothing but the most ample encouragement, and the most perfect discipline could have produced, the most abstruse parts of moral philosophy have been investigated with unremitted and successful perseverance; Mr. Woodhouse has almost proved that nothing may be something, and Mr. Marsh has shewn, by the help of numbers, that every one who opposes his conjectures is a fool.

To deny its pretensions, therefore, to the first rank as a seminary of mathematical learning, would be ridiculous. We allow both the merit of the system itself, and the perfection to which it has arrived. If it be necessary, (as we are ourselves inclined to believe) that either classical or mathematical learning should be exclusively encouraged, we have no hesitation in giving the preference to the former. A student generally comes to the university with a sufficient knowledge of the classics, and if he be not ruined by the dissipation of the place, he may easily retain it. But there are more solemn and important objects to be attained than the mere knowledge of geometry and algebra. It is not very unreasonable to wish that the morals of a man should be as conspicuous as his learning; that those who are initiated into the mysteries of science should be taught some acquaintance with the principles of virtue; and that those whose riches or stupidity exempt them from the casual routine of academical education, should be prevented from wasting their fortunes at Newmarket, and their constitutions at a brothel.

To determine how far these purposes are answered by the salutable punishments of the university, or by the temporary regulations which are commonly adopted, must require a more extensive share of information, and a greater degree of impartiality than is usually possessed by "the mob of gentlemen who *talk* with ease." There is some-

thing so pleasing in the remembrance of departed pleasures, of rappers wrenched from the door of a brothel, and bloodless triumphs over Egyptian heroes*, that it is not wonderful that gratitude should sometimes prove too powerful for truth. "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*" We are all inclined to admire learning which we do not understand, and to reverence discipline of which we never felt the terrors. Every country gentleman who can claim any relationship to either university, has some story to tell you of his exploits at college, of his escape from the proctors, his defiance of his master, his riots at a b——y h——, his prowess at a wine-party, and his mummeries at chapel; but these relations are listened to as the pardonable effusions of convivial vanity, rather than as a real representation of college manners, while all that is accidentally mentioned about the encouragement of learning, the observance of religious duties, the excellence of lectures, and the pleasures of learned, virtuous, and elegant society, is listened to with the most credulous attention. We pay a kind of unconscious reverence to the memory of departed excellence, and while we venerate the virtues, and admire the genius of a Milton or a Pitt, we are unwilling to believe that their footsteps could be polluted by the profligate orgies of dulness and obscurity.

To dispel illusions such as these, and to give an accurate and impartial representation of college manners is the object of our present undertaking. Of our means of information it will be impossible to doubt: our remarks shall contain internal evidence of their authenticity, and though we cannot, consistently with that prudence which is necessary in our outset, suffer any hints to escape us of the means by which our information is obtained, we would rather trust to the judgment than the ignorance of our rea-

* They did wondrous works in the land of Ham

ders. We are willing, in the mean time, to indulge them, like the ministers, in conjecture. If our remarks be learned, witty, and profound, we have no objection that they should be ascribed to a bishop; but if they should be remarkable only for dulness and invective, we shall leave them to be owned by the chapel-clerk of Trinity.

JUSTUS.

NEW ETYMOLOGY OF THE TERM *METHODIST.*

MR. SATIRIST,

I WONDER none of our *eagle-eyed* etymologists have discovered that the word *methodist* is derived from the Greek μεθοδια, which signifies to *deceive*, to *beguile*,* or, if you please, *artfully to pick a pocket!* in all which, the holy brotherhood, to a man, have taken their *degrees*, and are masters of (the) *arts!* hence it is their usual periphrasis of a popular peacher: "he is a good *pick-pocket* for the middle aisle!"—"he has a very *taking* way with him!" &c. &c. This is said by *charitable construction* on charitable occasions, or when collection is made for their own "preachments;" for, with *them*, charity not only "begins," but *continues* and *ends*, "at home!" See that exquisitely simple and pathetic *ode*, which begins with a laudable contempt of rhyme as follows:

"Do put some money in the plate,
Or I your preacher cannot *eat*."

Ill betide the wight who passes "the plate" without *shedding a* shilling!!! But in further illustration of *my* etymology. A noted schismatic, lately deceased, in a

* Vid. Pasoris Lexicon in Nov. Test. 1694. Thus, in Eph. vi, 11. τας μεθοδιας του Διαβολου, i. e. the *methodism*, or the wiles *of the Devil.*

charity sermon preached at the *church** of St. John of W—— averred, that your "true gospel preachers would get more out of your pockets than the noted *Barrington*"!!!

Still further—Does not the *Boanerges* of *Black-friars* Road, *ranting* R——D, ever and anon, (like another Stentor,

"With throat of brass, and admantine lungs,)"

bawl out this caution—"TAKE CARE OF YOUR POCKETS?"!! a plain proof that "stealing" is, as Falstaff says, their "vocation," and, accordingly, they very devotedly "labour" in it! How far they deserve, in common with their fraternity, *the laying on of hands*, with the (NOT *solemn*) *administration of* ANABAPTISM, vulgarly termed, a *ducking*, I leave to the Satirist, and his readers, to determine.

SEVERUS.

THE PARSON AND HIS PARISHIONERS.

A TALE

Founded on Fact.

"Qui capit ille facit."

A PRIEST who served more flocks than one,
And taught them just to do with none,
For store of pigs and lambs and chickens,
For turkeys, hams and other pickings,
Impartially bestowed his cares,
And treated each with *monthly* pray'rs.

* The editor of the *Anti jacobin Review and Magazine*, very judiciously reprobated the admission of *such* men into the established pulpits. He alluded to the above "schismatic," and his *curious* harangue at St. John of W. What are rectors about when they suffer such men to "*roar* in the midst of their congregations?"

For pray'rs receiv'd, and victual sent,
" Hundreds were *bless'd*, for *one content*,"
It happen'd in an idle year
Some wish'd to fill their time with prayer;
If mov'd to piety, or whether
'Twas fit, to keep the herd together;
Or that they deem'd th' attendance slack,
As some folks always love their *whack*,
Or that the pray'rs might suit the season—;
Or any other pastoral reason—:
I know not, but they begg'd the priest
To preach *twice* every month at least;
The Rector pond'ring on the case,
Return'd this answer, *full of grace*:
" If to the tythes you ADD ten pounds,
I'll take you oft'ner in my rounds;
Should you to this request accede,
I'll grant you all the pray'rs you need."
Proposing thus to stint the rest,
And sell his duty at the best.
The herd already tax'd too high,
Resolv'd to lay their longings by;
And as they saw him prone to sell,
Imagin'd he would buy as well:
For Merchants rather than they'll mar gain,
Will sell as well as buy a bargain;
So forthwith this reply they write:
" DEDUCT ten pounds, and *keep off quite!*"

S. B.

London, February 11, 1808.

THE TALENTS IN TARTARUS.

The gross and corporeal frame of man may be destroyed by hemp-seed or anyseed: but it forms one of the

privileges of that motley being, to possess within a spark of immaterial fire, destined, like the gas lights of Mr. Winsor, to outlive the glimmering lamps which animate the beasts of burthen around him, and in a future state either to howl in Tartarus or riot in Elysium.

The bodies of *All the Talents*, having hung the accustomed hour, were delivered to their friends for interment: for, to what surgeon would they have repaid the labour of dissection? They might, indeed, if anatomized, and placed in glass cases, as a knot of factious senators, headed by Lord G——, have formed a sort of sequel to the fable of the *belly and the members*, but would have pointed out a moral of an opposite nature, having met their untimely fate, not by separating, but by *hanging together*. Their souls freed from the shattered and worn out cases in which they had been hitherto enveloped, were now convened by a power which they could neither comprehend nor resist, in a spacious plain at the eastern extremity of ———shire; on this plain nature had formed a black and yawning cave, which the natives of that county had, time out of mind, denominated the *Devil's coal-pit*, and which was properly so called, on account of its leading to the dominions of the inexorable Pluto. Such a poisonous exhalation issued from its orifice, that birds in their flight over it, were suddenly seized with a vertigo, and dropped lifeless into its mouth, whilst *All the Talents* stood at a respectful distance, surveying this phenomenon with a mixed sensation of wonder and dread, a female figure advanced towards them, the oddity of whose aspect beggared all description, and the pangs of disappointed ambition were for a while absorbed in wonder. Her borrowed tresses, baked in the oven of a fashionable frizeur, overhung, in cork-screw curls, her lengthened visage. The treacherous God, Cupid, had long ceased to hurl his darts from her eyes, and old Time had forcibly

taken possession of the citadel, and with his scythe cruelly defaced the outward walls, notwithstanding the plaister of paris that enveloped it. Deserted by the Graces, she now courted the society of the Muses, and her dress seemed tossed upon her back by the pitchfork of Genius: her gown was of cambric, which had once been white, but had, since its original formation, visited no other watering-place than the fountain of Aganippe: her head was fantastically decorated with paper flowers, formed from the wire-woven effusions of Rosa Matilda, her white sattin slippers were trodden down at the heel, and her stockings resembled the pitchers of the Belides. In short, nothing half so tawdry, tattered, literary, and littered, ever stalked down Leadenhall street, to worship in the Temple of Minerva, with a marble covered *Lathy* in one hand, and a dirty *Doherty* in the other.

Ye gods who hover over the shade of departed whiggism, genius of pique, prejudice, and presbyterianism, who curlest the hooked nose and ruffled mane of the renowned Leo of Liverpool! will ye permit the Grub-street annalist, who now blots a sheet of sympathetic foolscap, to disclose the secrets of the nether world?

The female phantom, inflated by Phœbus, addressed the patriotic group in bald and broken blank verse, which, however it may suit Mr. Godwin to write, or the Bramin Sheriff to purchase, is not very delectable to read. The purpose of her harangue was to inform her auditors that she was the *Sybil*, who was to act as a Chaperon in shewing the lions of Lethe. With an air of retrospective wisdom she glanced over the history of their short and ill starred administration, and concluded by asserting that she was commissioned to introduce the party to the shade of Fox, from whom they were destined to receive a proper rebuke for their various blunders since his decease, and a suitable admonition for their future political guidance in

Tartarus, lest they should attempt to controul the conscience of Pluto, and endeavour to convert him to the Roman catholic faith. "Psha! nonsense!" said the nimble Lord Henry P——, turning upon his heel with a complete pironette, "who the devil are you? some cast off sonnetteering scribbler, I suppose, a dealer in dedication to the elbow shaking D——ss of P———." The words were scarce uttered when Mr. S——n, provoked at the reflection on the memory of his departed friend, struck the libeller a blow on the head with a bar of etherial *pig iron*, which caused him to see more lights than he ever beheld in the ball-room of Lady ———, and effectually reduced him to silence. The Sybil now led *the Talents* to the brink of the Devil's coal-pit, telling them to fear nothing, but to seize the rope which hung on the centre and leap into the gulph. They instantly obeyed, but alas! Lord G———e was bulky, Lord E——— was frisky, Mr. W——d was clumsy, and the rope was a *rope of sand*. It will, therefore, excite little surprise in my readers to be informed, that the whole machinery gave way and precipitated the whigs towards Tartarus with a velocity not inferior to that which drew the flighty Frenchman towards his mother earth, when he first exchanged the safe balloon for a perilous parachute. In a few moments they struck violently on a warm and rocky soil, and so forcible was the concussion, and so hot the ground on which they alighted, that Lord G—— found Hamlet's exclamation

"O that this too too solid soul would melt"

In a fair way of being realized, aad Lord E———s woolsack wig was deprived of every grain of powder, insomuch that the wearer bore an exact resemblance to one of those sturdy non-conformists whose foretops look *black* at the powder-tax. "I never led down the middle

at such a rate in my life," said the almost breathless Lord Henry," this beats the *Devil among the Taylors* hollow.

The astonished Lord G——— now beheld, at a short distance, a black and bubbling river, round which innumerous ghosts were flitting in the vain expectation of gaining the opposite shore—" O sacred maid," cried he, addressing himself to his conductress, " tell me, I conjure you, the meaning of what I behold ?" " that," answered the Sybil, " is the river Styx, the ferry-man Charon, whom you will soon see, requires a penny for each person, as a fee for carrying them across ; the majority of ghosts whom you behold, were gulled gamesters, lean, literate, and briefless, barristers, who, having worn out their lives in the service of your party, are sent to these regions pennyless and unpensioned for their pains, and must find their way over as they can." Charon now moored his crazy bark close at the feet of the party, and in a hoarse voice exclaimed, " Well, where's your money, I can't wait ?" " My good fellow," said Mr. S——n, " I'll pay you when we arrive on the other side !" " None of your tricks upon travellers," answered the savage boat-man ; " then Nunky pays for me," rejoined the ex-treasurer, pointing to Lord G———e, and hastily leaping into the boat. His lordship did not much relish the joke, but was obliged to comply. The rest of the whigs followed, and though " last not least," Lord G———e brought up their *rear*.

The boat, which had hitherto floated high on the water, instantly groaned with the unaccustomed weight.

" Gemuit sub pondere Cymba
Sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem."

His lordship hesitated and trembled, Lord Henry alarmed leaped from his seat, the boat lost its balance and heaved on one side, Charon stormed and swore, Mr. S——n laughed, Lord Henry trembled, stopped, danced, capered ; shall I go on ? No.—

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

We have now heard the *avowed* sentiments of the FALLEN ANGELS, relative to the attack upon Copenhagen, and the seizure of the Danish fleet; and candidly confess, that they have made an impression upon our minds, which it will be difficult to efface, viz. that the salvation of the empire depended upon the dismissal of those arrogant impostors from the helm of government: for have they not virtually declared, that if they had been permitted to remain in power, they would have continued to pursue the same imbecile and indecisive line of conduct, which marked their short, but inglorious, administration? Have they not asserted, that they would rather have seen the navy of Denmark in the possession of Bonaparte, than that we should have obtained it by the means which ministers so wisely adopted? Have they not informed us, that their political creed is, to have faith in our enemies, and confidence in those who have before attempted to deceive us? And has not the same weak, vain, and destructive policy, already riveted the chains of the Continent?

The heart of every reflecting Briton must swell with indignation, at hearing those very men, who planned the expeditions to the Dardanelles and Alexandria, reprobate the attack upon Copenhagen as unjust, impolitic, and inhuman. What, we should be glad to know, were their motives for attacking the Turks, at a moment, when there existed not the shadow of suspicion, that they intended to take part against us? When, on the contrary, the very name of Englishman was sufficient to ensure the traveller protection, even in the most barbarous districts of the Ottoman empire.* It is true, that Admiral Duckworth neither burnt their capitol, nor destroyed its inhabitants: this forbearance, however, did not result from the *huma-*

* Of this fact, we have been assured by a gentleman, who was in a remote part of Turkey, when the British fleet passed the Dardanelles.

nity of those who employed him, but rather from their *folly*, in having ordered him to act, without furnishing him with the means of action; otherwise, in all probability, the city of Constantinople would have been reduced to ashes, and its inhabitants buried beneath the ruins. And we venture to assert, that if these disastrous events had actually befallen the disciples of Mahomed, we should have witnessed no sighs escaping the *meek* bosom of a Grenville: No tears bedewing the *blushing* cheek of a Grey: No frantic grief convulsing the *serene* brow of a Windham; No *honorable* compunctions agitating the *fragile* frame of a Sheridan:—Pious souls! they are too firmly attached to the cause of the Roman Catholick religion, to have commiserated the sufferings of *infidels*. Nay, it seems more than probable, that they had in contemplation the renewal of the *holy wars;* and that the expedition to Alexandria, was to have been succeeded by a regular *crusade against the enemies of the Cross.* Pity it is, that such a wise and glorious project should have been frustrated by their downfal!

It would be useless for us to repeat those arguments, which we have before adduced, to prove the policy and wisdom of seizing the Danish fleet;* they have not been, and never can be, controverted. Nor is there an unprejudiced Englishman who, upon this subject, does not think as we do: and it is even a doubt with us, if the rancorous sophists of opposition could lay their hands upon their hearts, and declare, upon their honors (if honor be still an inmate of their bosoms) that they thought the measure impolitic and unwise, without feeling some *compunctions of conscience.* We, however, think Mr. Canning went too far, when, in the heat of argument, he attempted to prove, that had they remained in power, they would have pursued a similar line of conduct. No; they had

* Vide Nos. 1. 2. and 3 of the Satirist.

neither the sagacity to plan, nor the *courage* to execute a measure of such vast national importance. They would have debated, resolved, and hesitated, till the fleet was in possession of our enemy; and then, perhaps, they might have sent an inadequate and ill-supplied force, to endeavor to wrest it from his grasp. Their *humanity* would have induced them, rather to have sacrificed the valuable lives of thousands of British warriors, in combating the united fleets of France, Holland, Denmark, and Russia, than by throwing shells into Copenhagen, to have wounded a few obstinate Danes; and thus prevented the possibility of such a formidable and destructive alliance against our rights and independance.

It is an allowed fact, that hostile measures were not adopted, until negotiation had failed: the bombardment of Copenhagen, and its consequences, are therefore to be attributed to the obstinacy of the Danish government, and not to the inhumanity of the British. Had the Crown Prince delivered up his fleet into our hands, as the pledge of his neutrality, he would have effectually preserved the lives and property of his subjects. The superiority of our force was such, that even Bonaparte must have allowed the impolicy of resistance: and even if he had dreaded that the vengeance of that unsparing tyrant would have been kindled against him, had he consented to treat with England, he might have answered the demands of our commanders, to the following effect: "My wish is to remain neutral; if I deliver up my fleet voluntarily into your hands, it will be considered as an act of hostility against France. It is, however, impossible for me to defend it against the superior forces under your command; and therefore, to prevent the useless effusion of my subject's blood, I feel compelled to *capitulate*." Thus would he have saved his capitol from the horrors of a bombardment; thus should we have been bound in honor to re-

store his ships at the conclusion of a war; and thus would the *worthy* members of opposition, have been furnished with some *plausible* grounds of accusation against ministers, for attacking a prince who *wished to preserve his neutrality*; and their harangues might not, perhaps, in that case, have excited the universal ridicule and contempt of their countrymen. But as he chose, not only to reject our terms, but to repel force by force; and as the first gun was actually fired by Denmark, she was as completely at war with us, when her capitol was invested, as if she had issued a proclamation to that effect.

But say *the opposers of vigor*, "you compelled her to declare war against you." We deny the fact: We only wished to have security for her good faith, which we had reason to doubt; even her advocates dare not affirm, that Bonaparte would have permitted her to remain neutral; they only contend, that it would have been impossible for him to have obtained her ships, if England chose to prevent him: and so these *economical* gentlemen would fain have saddled us with the expences of keeping a powerful blockading squadron in the boisterous Baltic; for otherwise it is evident, that although Bonaparte might not have been able to get to the Danish fleet, the Danish fleet would have been able to get to Bonaparte; which, in our humble opinion, would have proved equally detrimental to the interests of Great Britain. Perhaps, in the exuberance of their political sagacity and faith, the opposition faction may imagine, that notwithstanding the Prince Regent had suffered France to threaten and violate his territory of Holstein with impunity, he would, if commanded by Bonaparte to abandon his neutrality, have made his election in favour of England, but "*Sic notus Ulysses?*"

The fact is, we verily believe, that with the exception of Lord Sidmouth and his particular adherents (whom, notwithstanding they may sometimes err in judgment,

we verily believe to be influenced by truly honest and conscientious motives) the virulent censurers of the Copenhagen expedition are jealous and outrageous at the success and popularity of the present ministers, and are therefore resolved to reprobate and oppose the whole of their measures, whether they are conducive to the salvation and prosperity of the nation, or the contrary. What a truly patriotic resolution! Here we cannot refrain from expressing our sorrow and surprise, at the imprudent and ill-advised conduct of a young Prince of the Blood, whose private virtues have long been the theme of just and universal commendation, and whose public character was the pride of his friends, and the admiration of his country.

We recollect with horror, that a wicked faction once endeavoured to alienate the affections, and warp the duty of a son; but we hoped, that the public odium, which was heaped upon those abandoned hypocrites, would have prevented all *similar* attempts.

We conjure his Highness, as he values his reputation, not to listen to the evil counsels of wily politicians. To reflect on the duty, on the *gratitude* which he owes his sovereign, and to consult no other monitor than his own conscience.

Would it not have been more prudent to have given a silent vote, if he disapproved the conduct of his royal uncle's ministers, than to have recorded his disapprobation in the journals of the house? Or rather, would it not have been more becoming, if he had not voted at all upon the occasion? We always feel an unpleasant sensation, somewhat resembling disgust, when we behold Princes of the Blood opposing the government of their sovereign; and cannot help thinking, that they would act both more wisely and more *laudably*, if they would absent themselves from their parliamentary seats, whenever they felt that

they could not conscientiously support the servants of the crown.

Disappointed and defeated in all their attempts to attach culpability to ministers, for their wise and decisive conduct in regard to Denmark, the FALLEN ANGELS became the advocates of America, and bitterly reviled (but with no better success) the orders of council which have been recently promulgated, to restrict the commerce of neutrals. If our readers will refer to our first number, they will find that we pointed out the advantages and necessity of such restriction, even before we were aware that ministers had the measure in contemplation. The recent extension of their sovereign's bounty to his son, the Duke of York, has also afforded the *Fallen Angels* an opportunity of displaying their malignity and weakness. We are not at all surprised, that these men, who would fain have influenced the conscience of their king, should endeavour to control his parental benevolence and domestic arrangements. Nor are we astonished, that they have again bestowed the *fraternal embrace* on that reviler of all existing governments, Sir Francis Burdett. Indeed we think it extremely probable, that they will, at some future period, endeavor to obtain either a bishop's mitre, or a cardinal's hat, for John Horne Tooke.

COMMODORE BARRON.

A SONG.

As sure as a gun,
We shall all be undone
In this proud, little, shopkeeper nation;
If Portland and Canning,
By plots and by planning
At the helm of the state keep their station.

Spite of Gallic defiance,
And Russian alliance,
The Dutch, Dons, and Danes, they've made war on;
But all these are a jest,
To the powers in the west,
And the fleet under Commodore Barron.

If the Congress decrees,
We must down on our knees,
To save our West India possessions;
Or arm'd with broomsticks,
They'll give us our licks,
For long and repeated aggressions.
Shall old England's flag,
That pitiful rag,
Shut the mouths of the Loire and the Garonne;
No—for insults like these,
We must yield up the seas,
To the pendant of Commodore Barron.

Shall our nation presume,
Her deserters to doom,
And commit the most horrible slaughters:
Dare Erskine or Rose
Pull old Jefferson's nose,
For scourging our ships from his waters;
They shall each have a whacking,
And then be sent packing,
With jackets of feathers and tar on:
If mention is made
Of the cursed blockade,
That would dish up poor Commodore Barron.

The direful effect,
We may shortly expect,

Of Columbia's armies in motion :
Quebec, Montreal,
Must both of them fall,
And her cock-boats preside on the ocean !
With prowess gigantic,
She'll span the Atlantic,
In spite of a Berkeley or Warren ;
And the banks of the Thames,
Thall be covered with flames,
By the puissant Commodore Barron.

We may easily guess,
What amazing distress
On every hand then will assail us ;
Not our brave volunteers,
Nor our Commons nor Peers,
Nor the guards, nor the Tower shall avail us.
'Tis vain to aspire,
At what would require,
The pen of Cervantes or Scarron ;
To describe the defeat,
Of the whole British fleet,
By the broadsides of Commodore Barron !

P. C.

London, Feb. 11, 1808.

ANECDOTES, &c.

A GENTLEMAN more remarkable for his good nature and hospitality than for his good sense and sobriety, resolved, a few days ago, to give a grand dinner and a *hop* to the *higher* order of the *Cyprian* corps. Cards were accordingly dispatched to *North Baker*-street, and other places of *similar notoriety*; and on the appointed day a numerous party of those *illustrious* dames and their *friends* assembled at his house in D—V—RE Place. Dinner being over, and a sufficient quantity of champaigne imbibed, they adjourned to the ball-room, and all was mirth and harmony, until an unfortunate and *horrible* occurrence suddenly threw the whole party

into confusion, and had nearly produced the most *fatal* consequences. Two gentlemen, "hot with the Tuscan grape, and full of *wine*," in their way to join the jovial set, were accosted by a couple of the *sisterhood, not* of the *higher order*, whom they invited to take a ride with them in a hackney coach as far as D—v—re Place; the *ladies* consented, and all arrived safe at Mr. ———'s door. The gentlemen immediately leaped out and ran up stairs, leaving the two unfortunate damsels to discharge the coach, who waited very patiently for a quarter of an hour, when they desired the coachman to knock at the door, which being opened, they requested the servant to go up stairs and tell the two gentlemen who entered last, that *the ladies* wished to speak with them. The man not being able to discover which were the *said gentlemen*, informed his master, who was much shocked at the idea of *ladies* being kept waiting at his door, and instantly ordered him to present his compliments to them, and request they would walk up stairs. The girls, *maugre* their draggled tails, brick-dust faces, and dirty dresses, immediately obeyed the summons, and undauntedly entered the ball-room. The musicians were struck motionless with astonishment; the dance ceased; the gentlemen stormed; the ladies *shrieked*; Mrs. C-n-v-le *fainted*; Mrs. S-m-m-ns raved; Mrs. B——t went into hysterics; in short, the *refined delicacy* of the *higher order* of ——s received so severe a shock by this abrupt *entré* of two of the *lower order*, that they became absolutely *frantic*, and it was a long time before they could be composed and pacified by *their keepers*. At length, however, a *noble Hibernian* conducted the *fair* causes of all the mischief down stairs, and the *ladies happily* recovered their senses.

N. B. Mr. ——— has not yet been *indicted* for keeping a disorderly house!!!!

We understand that Lord Grenville and Mr. Ponsonby intend moving for the *papers* found in the curls of Madame *Joyeuse's wig*.

Lord T-mple, it is said, by no means approves of the frequent motions which his party have thought proper to make for the production of *papers*. His lordship is reported to have declared, that he has already plenty of foolscap, royal, and demy, and only wants some POST.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Remains of H. Kirke White, late of St. John's College Cambridge, with an Account of his Life, by Robert Southey. 2 vols. 8vo. price 14*s*. Vernor and Hood, Longman and Co. &c. with plates, and vignette of a tomb, on which is inscribed, " his monument shall be his NAME ALONE" !!!

It is with pleasure that we turn from the barren and unvaried insipidity of *would-be* Miltons and love-sick melodists, to the more interesting and ridiculous absurdities of Mr. Southey and his coadjutors. The writings of such men as Mr. Haley are protected from attack, by their unassuming and incorrigible dulness; they are too contemptible for satire, and too hopelessly stupid to afford even the materials for ridicule; but to Mr. Southey must be ascribed the singular praise of perpetual and inimitable absurdity. He unites in himself the vanity of Matthias, the affectation of Scott, the obscurity of Colleridge, the *diablerie* of Lewis, and the feeblenes of Wordsworth. His epic poem is too dull to be read by any but himself; his sonnets are remarkable for nothing but an everlasting whine about sympathy, and softness of heart, and love remembrances, and heart-eating cares, and kindred spirits, and men " who once in *very sooth* were friends;" his serious ballads are neither so pathetic nor so simple as the Children in the Wood, and his humorous ones are excelled by the ditties

of St. Giles's. His prose writings are almost as monotonous as a university sermon at St. Mary's, Cambridge; and were not his absurdities more frequently visible than either Dr. Parr's wig, or Dr. Pearce's snuff-bag, we should read the one as seldom as we attend the other.

It might have been supposed that few of his peculiarities could be displayed in such a publication as that which is now the object of our criticism. To give a concise and elegant account of the author, whose productions were committed to his care, was all that he was required or expected to perform. To commit many mistakes in the execution of such a task, was at first supposed to be impossible. But no idea must be formed of Mr. Southey's ingenuity, from the performances of other men. He has contrived, in spite of evidence, and opportunity, and every other obstacle which Mr. White's friends, and the vicinity of Cambridge had placed in his way, to fill the sixty pages of introduction with such a tissue of vanity, tautology, and falsehood, as bids equal defiance to ridicule and criticism.

To give a regular analysis of *such* a specimen of biography, or to dwell upon many of its absurdities, would be equally tedious and unprofitable. A writer of more taste or prudence than Mr. Southey, would have omitted all the childish and trifling recollections of his author's early years. He would have given to the world such facts only as might have tended to illustrate the progress of his knowledge, and to display the difficulties which he had to overcome in the pursuit of literary excellence. He would have omitted all the dull and laughable encomiums of literary spinsters and drivelling sonneteers; and though he would have paid a just tribute to the learning, the good sense, and the piety, of such a man, he would have withheld the foolish and ridiculous falsehoods of his Cambridge favorites.

Among other unaccountable pieces of information, we are told that "*his pretensions were unassuming*, that *he possessed genius without its eccentricities*, that *he was patient of the faults of others*, that *he was uniformly meek, and unaffectedly humble*, and that there was *no member of the university, however distinguished by rank or fortune, who would not have been glad of his acquaintance.*"

We are sorry that it is in our power to declare, that the whole of this account is absolutely false. We have no objection to the maxim *nil nisi bonum*, abstractedly considered, but such foolish and inconsiderate biographers as Mr. Southey should be taught, that there is neither honour nor security in falsehood. *He was* NOT *unassuming* in his pretensions, for he had all the confidence of genius, and all its ambitious eccentricities; *he was* NOT *patient of the faults of others*, for he was fond of exposing them to the raillery of his company; he *was* NOT *uniformly meek and unaffectedly humble*, for he was fond of displaying his acquirements, and proud of the admiration they excited; and *he would* NOT *have been an acceptable visitor to every member of the university, however distinguished by rank or fortune*, for many rich and dignified members of the university have a mortal antipathy to poverty and genius.

We are astonished that any lady, who pretended to reside in Cambridge, could furnish Mr. Southey with such a strange collection of absurdities as that contained in the conclusion of this paragraph (p. 56). We can assure him that none of the senior members of the university ever troubled themselves with such a man as Mr. White; that whatever may have been the brilliance of his genius or the purity of his taste, they must have faded away before the pretensions of Wrangler; and that all the attention which even a Milton could procure in the class of

Sizars of St. John's, would be in proportion to his mathematical proficiency.

After some feeble verses of one lady, who expects to see "nations throng round to listen to his lyre," and some foolish stanzas by another, who calls on "fragrant rosemary," which grows "where he so deep doth LIE," not to seclude her "pensive eye," we are presented with a sonnet from one of the most pitiful of all modern sonneteers. It is strange that a man, without the least claim to poetical inspiration, with a respectable portion of learning, and a decent share of natural acuteness, should be so infatuated by his own vanity, or the flattery of others, as to imagine for a moment that what he writes is poetry. If he has no friend, either honest or learned enough, to undeceive him, we are happy that the present opportunity has enabled us to do it. We advise him most earnestly to relinquish a pursuit for which he is totally unqualified: he is now arrived at a time of life in which such a passion as vanity ought no longer to exist: let him burn his poetical MSS. and laugh at the treachery of his friends.

From one part of the introduction we must conclude that Mr. Southey is an infidel! Though we are willing to grant the most unlimited freedom of opinion to those who have studied with earnestness and attention the subjects on which they display their scepticism, we have many reasons for treating Mr. Southy's confession with the most unreserved indignation. We do not suppose that *his* example can produce much effect; but since he appears to have very exalted ideas of his own importance, we must consider his guilt as equal to his vanity. We believe that the good effects of the christian religion have never been denied, even by those who affect to disbelieve it. The propagation of infidelity, therefore, even by those who have the learning and ability to defend their unbelief, must be censured as a very dangerous experiment; it *may* be a

source of infinite harm to the community, without affording a prospect of enlightening their minds, or alleviating their labours; but when a man like Mr. Southey, without any closeness of reasoning or regularity of study, with no knowledge of history, but such as he has derived from the romances of the fifteenth century, and with very few pretensions to scholastic learning, has the effrontery to declare himself an infidel, and to speak as confidently on the subject, as if he possessed the learning of a Gibbon or a Parr, it is our duty to expose the folly of such effusions, and to express our contempt of the vanity which produced them.

But we have done with Mr. Southey, and must attend to Mr. White. His poems display great prematurity of talent, great observation, and great sensibility; but they prove what his biographer does not seem to have suspected, that he possessed very little elegance of expression, or purity of taste. His *forte* seems to have been the simple and the tender; he is seldom beautiful, and never rises to sublimity; his style of poetry is professedly that of Mr. Southey and his brethren, and his verses abound, therefore, with quaintness and affectation. We are told, in one place, "*how slumbering night roll'd on her velvet car*;" (p. 16.) in another, how "*dimly on that morn the sun arose, kerchief'd in mists*," in another, that

> "He would not be a leaf to die,
> Without recording sorrow's sigh." p. 131.

And in another, that he "*gives unto his harp a dark-woven lay.*" His letters and essays, though they do not display much learning or spirit, are sensible and elegant, and will prove, as far as such documents can be trusted, that if he had lived a little longer, he would have been equally ashamed of his biographer and his encomiasts.

The Miss-led General; a serio-comic, Satiric, Mock-heroic, Romance. By the Author of the Rising Sun. Oddy, Oxford Street.

If the assertion of the *moral* Chesterfield be true, that "real wit never made any one laugh," this, certainly, is a *most witty* publication: but, if the doctrine of another noble author (Lord Roscommon) be *equally* true, that,

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense,"

It is, as certainly, a most *scandalous* publication; disgraceful to its author, publisher,* and purchasers!

In proceeding to analyse the work, we shall take up the author, where he takes up the classics. We are informed at page 2, that

"Homer's hero lost his life *thro'* one of his heels!"

And to vouch for his *veracity*, and to furnish us with "confirmation strong," both of the *important* fact thus *elegantly* rendered, and of his own "skill in classic lore," (on both of which points, we fear, our readers will still remain in gloomy scepticism) he tells us in a note, judiciously mangled from a pocket Enfield, that,

"Achilles, when an infant, was dipped by his mother in the river Styx," &c. &c.!!!

Stricken with astonishment at this profound display of learning, we greedily opened our mental mouths for deeper draughts from the Pierian spring, so kindly let in upon us by the author, when, lo! the next page presented us with a wonder still more wonderful!

"His (Frederick Gildrig's) *head* has often carried him into *scrapes*, (*concerts* or *balls*, we presume!) whence it could not extricate him!!"

* In justice to Mr. Oddy, we feel ourselves bound to state that he was (as we have heard) a stranger to the nature of its contents, when he consented to publish this work.

Now we, who have only been used to the plain order of things, always understood that the head was rather carried by the *man*, than *the man by the head*; and although we have *read* of men

"—— Whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

yet we never have had the pleasure of seeing a man RUN *on his head*, like a wheelbarrow!

Wading a little further, we find a *most elegant* figure, prefaced by a bold avowal, that "the author will never scruple to sacrifice elegance to the propriety of a simile."

"This truth premis'd was needful, as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next."

COWPER.

"Our commander," he adds, "is at present like"—like what? "a *flea* in a *tar-barrel*"!!! That Mr. Hogg has here sacrificed *elegance*, we shall not venture to deny; the *propriety* of the simile, however, has entirely eluded our most diligent search.

The author, with much modesty, or with much *vanity*, confesses himself "*a fool*," (p. 6.) and how much soever we were inclined to quarrel with him on the score of *propriety* in the latter instance, in the *present* we fully coincide with him. Our further remarks will shew how well the appellation befits him.

"A fool! a fool!
What fool is this?"

Probably, when he assumed the cap and bells, Mr. Hogg exclaimed with Shakspeare,

"I must have liberty
To blow on whom I please; *for so fools have.*"

We cannot, however, promise to Mr. Hogg, and *his fooleries*, that indulgence from the public which the

whimsical but *shrewd* remarks of the motley gentleman above alluded to, never fail to experience.

But if Mr. Hogg *will not* let us agree with him in *all* points, it gives us much pleasure when we *are* permitted to point out some of his excellences; and we boldly assert that, as a *commentator* he stands unrivalled! As a proof of our veracity, take the following specimen of his abilities in that line.

"Old Philpot's maxim is now become the rage—'Get money, my son, honestly, if you can; but, get money;' *that is*," adds our second Steevens, "*any way it is to be got*"!!! Who would have thought it!

"O worthy fool! motley's the only wear!"

Want of room will not permit us to enlarge, nor even to do the work *that* JUSTICE *to which it is so eminently entitled!!* A few brief extracts, references, and remarks, are all we can afford to it; but these, we hope, will be sufficient for the purpose.

Lying may be a high-born science, *but we are above* it!! (p. 26) oh! oh!! oh!!! "I will appeal to all the company, if that be not the greatest lie that ever was told!" SWIFT.

"Frederic means, "RICH PEACE!" (p. 29.) What a convenient etymologist is *Bailey!*

If the following be not a fair specimen of the "puff direct," we shall be thankful to be taught what is one:

"When the first begotten *Squire George*," &c. (*Note.* "*Our readers will see more of this affair in* OUR *biography of the squire entitled*, 'THE RISING SUN'"!!!

In describing the *festum fatuorum*, or feast of fools, (p. 30.) our author is *unusually* great! he is *at home*; and feels the subject *near to his heart*! Sweet sympathy!

The gross vulgarity of page 81, *et seq.* abundantly proves Mr. *Hogg* to be what he defines himself, "a *fellow* of the *swinish multitude*," who delights to lay him down and *wallow* in the *mire* of his own *filthy fancy*.

In p. 120 he is *dreadfully severe* upon the reviewers; and, after bestowing sundry harsh epithets upon the whole tribe, cruelly declares, that he "disdains to give them *a sop!*" But who asked "*the fool*" for *his head?*

"A motley fool! who laid him down and rail'd!"

Having perused all Mr. Hogg has to offer on this subject, which we earnestly hope is the last of his labours, at least, until his head and heart shall have undergone a complete reformation; having been shocked at his blasphemies, sickened at his vulgarities, and tired, *completely* TIRED, of his fooleries; we gladly glanced our eyes to the *finis*, and the book dropped involuntarily from our hand. But even then we were as much at a loss to understand what the man meant as ever; and alas! the hieroglyphic in front, (like those of the *ingenious* Dr. Moore) was far beyond our comprehension; and, with the exception of the figure of the *bear* (which, we suppose, the author meant as a portrait of *himself*) was, and is, to us, totally inexplicable!

In this dilemma, looking into a late number of that literary *lusus naturæ*, THE CABINET, for something to excite our risibility, (for which purpose we would most earnestly recommend that *sapient* work to the *moody* and the *melancholy* of all ranks and sizes, for its absurdities are absolutely *irresistible*) to our inexpressible joy, we learned that "*Squire George and Fred.*" signify, *the Prince of W—s, and the Duke of Y—k*"!!!

"The gordian knot he will untie,
Familiar as his garter." SHAKSPEARE.

After having taken up the Cabinet (consisting, *literally*, of *curiosities*) it *irks* us, as our great dramatist has it, to return again to *the hogg in armour*, on whom a few more observations shall suffice.

False grammar the work abounds in; of which, take the following specimens;

"No bard, (consequently *ourselves* [OURSELVES!) would relish a leaden or hempen diet." p. 9.

"*We* are no ill-natured satirist." p. 12. *Et cet. ad infinitum.*

Now let us attend to his *consistency*.

In p. 4, he asserts that "a *head*, a tolerably well brained one, (reader! admire the *elegance* of this expression, and the *beautiful* disorder of the compound!) is a very necessary appendage to the *et cæteri* of a general;" but in page 132 he flatly contradicts this assertion, by declaring that, "a soldier, (under which denomination, we presume, a *general* is included; especially as the author himself applies it to "*General Fred.*") "*has no need of brains!*"

In the same page, too, he displays his proficiency in music, by causing "*the Squire*" and "*Fred.*" to sing a *catch! A catch for* TWO *voices!!*

The two last chapters, in which Mr. Hogg employs his *wit* on the planners and finishers of the recent *failure* in America, are, by far, the best in the book. This, however, is saying but very little in their favour, nor will truth permit us to add more. It is worthy of remark, that, in his sixteenth and last chapter, the author, (actuated, we imagine, by a somewhat similar feeling to that which induces a felon, at the place of execution, to announce the greatness of truth and justice, by an avowal of his guilt) cites both Horace and Juvenal, "on the propriety of putting a man to the blush for his crimes;" although he cunningly adds a *saving clause*, that the "best authority for blushing is, *our own conscience!*" Had Mr. Hogg's *conscience* been allowed to plead, neither the "RISING SUN," nor the "MISS-LED GENERAL," would ever have obtruded themselves on the notice of a British public. But the reverse being the case, we must have recourse to those weapons with which he has so generous-

ly furnished us. Great, however, though our respect for these Roman worthies be,

> " Within our bosom reigns another lord,
> *Conscience,* (since Mr. Hogg will have it so,) sole judge and umpire of itself."

In bestowing such a considerable portion of censure, we have been solely guided by a sense of duty and public advantage. By inflicting severe punishments we would wish to copy that excellent code of laws under which we have the happiness to live, which corrects the delinquent not so much for *his* offence, as for the sake of common justice, to deter others from a repetition of the crime. Should Mr. Hogg ever enable us, it will give us great pleasure, to announce *a work of merit* from his hands; and, to give a striking proof of our friendship, we will give him a few hints for such a composition. Let the characters be portrayed with correctness and vigour, let all low LATHY images be studiously avoided, let it neither consist of the thread-bare anecdotes of scandal, nor of mutilated translations of the worst pages of Rabelais; in short, let it be, in every respect, the reverse of " The MISS-LED GENERAL;" then will he, in future, escape the lash of the SATIRIST, for we can assure him that we are by no means anxious to increase the number of his " INVISIBLE ENEMIES."

Specimen of an English Homer, in Blank Verse. Printed by Bulmer, for Payne and Evans, Pall-Mall. pp. 30.

This capricious gentleman, not satisfied with the rhymed translation of Pope, or the blank verse of Cowper and the Dean of Merioneth, and the specimen of Cumberland, thinks himself qualified for the task of giving " an *English Homer*, (mark! not a translation of the Greek Homer) which would furnish to the English reader,

a fair idea, not only of the subject and plan of his two great poems, but also in a certain degree, of his versification and manner."

How well this gentleman is qualified for this arduous undertaking, he shall speak for himself. He says, he considers himself as an old schoolboy, who, without acquiring "English versification, has forgotten his Greek;" disclaiming two qualifications absolutely necessary for a translator, and avowing, that his work can be nothing more than a translation of the antient Latin version into bad blank verse; and we are compelled by truth to say, that the execution does not belie the promise.

This is the first sentence of the Preface. "Homer (says Dr. Blair) is the most simple in his style of all the great poets."

To Dr. Blair's *ipse dixit*, we do not bow down as authority; but are tempted to hazard a pun by saying, that only a very simple critic could have said so.

Is the most majestic and harmonious versification, embellished by all the variety the different dialects of Greece could give, raised above the level of common speech by a profusion of metaphors and compound epithets, to be called a simple style? or can the ancient hexameter, every line of which is strictly defined, both by the cesura in the third foot, and the concluding Adonic, be properly represented by blank verse; one of which may run into another, without at all marking the close of the verse, of which many instances may be produced from our best poets; but which, in unskilful hands, is only distinguished from prose, by unnatural transpositions of the words, and inflated language.

We will give a specimen of the opening of the Iliad:

"The stern resentment of Achilles, son of Peleus, Muse record, dire source of woe which caused unnumbered ills to Greece, and sent many brave souls of heroes to the shades untimely, and their bodies

gave a prey to dogs and every ravenous bird: so will'd the all-ruling providence of Jove, when first in fierce dissention rose the king of men, and Atrides goddess-born?

Who can find here the *disjecta membri poetæ*? Who? Why have we not the common order of the words disturbed? Count the syllables by ten, and begin a line with every eleventh syllable, prefaced by a capital letter, no matter if out of nine six of these are article, adverb, or preposition, and they will be pretty looking verses enough on paper.

One advantage of such verses is, that they are capable of giving the exact words, and nothing but the exact words, of the original; the only merit they can possibly have. Let us see how accurate our author is in this respect. Why is the rage of Achilles callen *stern*? Why must the *muse* record instead of the goddess? Why are the ills sent to *Greece* and not to the *Greeks*? Why the unwarrantable amplification of *all-ruling providence*? and why the absurd substitution of *goddess-born* for *godlike*?

This last alteration, we are sorry to see, on referring to the passage, is authorized by Mr. Cumberland, whose translation is beyond doubt, in general, as faithful a copy of the sense of the original, as was consistent with the preservation of its spirit.

We feel inclined to give a specimen (it shall be but a short one) of a translation in another kind of verse; we mean our triple measure, which those gentlemen, who are fond of giving ancient names to modern things, choose to call Anapæstic: it is certainly more congenial with the cadence of the ancient hexameter, than our heroic pentameter is, and has the advantage of one or two additional y llables:

Of Pelides Achilles, sing goddess the ire,
To Grecians the source of ills many and dire;

Which many brave souls of their heroes, away
In haste, sent to Pluto's dark regions, while* they
Were left to each fowl and each dog as a prey.
For such it appears, of great Jove the stern will is,
That royal Atrides and godlike Achilles,
Should to loggerheads go.

If this specimen should make the reader laugh, we are inclined to think, that which we have before us would incline him to sleep.

We are free to say, that we think blank verse in our language, as incapable of giving a faithful picture of Homer, as the loose metre of Terence would in Latin. The hexameters of Virgil would be (and indeed have been in many instances) the best copy of Homer in his language, as the rhymes of Pope are in ours; and it was not the unfitness of the material, but the false refinement of the French school which then prevailed, that too often tempted him to deviate from his archetype. It would be no arduous task for a good versifier to render Pope's Homer as faithful a copy of the original, as a translation can possibly be; but cui bono? who would read it, when they can refer to the delightful poem, as it now stands; for such it certainly is with all its imperfections.

To return for a moment to our author, we must object to well-greaved Greeks; this is taking Homer *au pied de la lettre*, with a vengeance: ευκνημιδες is only figuratively for *well-armed;* would any one translate the two last words of the Iliad, *Hector the horsebreaker?*

* We will venture to say, that this is the only correct translation ever given of this passage: it shews exactly the Homeric opinion of the soul and body; one a substance, the other a shadow.

CRITICAL ESSAYS *on the* PERFORMERS *of the London Theatres, &c. By the Author of the Theatrical Criticisms and the Weekly Paper called the* NEWS. Printed by and for John Hunt. 1807.

Mere weakness and insignificance never excite in a generous mind any other feeling than pity; it is only by an impotent affectation of consequence and importance, that they become objects of ridicule and contempt. None but a fool, or worse, would ridicule an ass for braying; but if the ass were to tell you that his bray was the finest music in the world, could you help laughing at his conceit? If a man have not strength sufficient to lift himself above the level of his fortune, and emerge from his native obscurity, it is his misfortune, and not his fault: being beneath the notice of the world, the world could neither think, nor know any thing about him. But how ridiculous would it be, if such a man were so lifted up by his own conceit and self-importance, as to fancy himself the object of general awe and admiration! Such a one, however, is the writer of the work before us. More weakness we have seldom seen, more arrogance never. There is, indeed, an inflation and conceit about him, that make us smile in the midst of our disgust. But inflation of all sorts only betrays emptiness; a swelling, gaudy outside formed of froth, as the bubbles which boys make from soap-suds, and like the bubble dissolving at a touch.

This writer displays his imagined consequence in the very outset of his book. His title tells you that these CRITICAL ESSAYS are written "by the author of the Theatrical Criticisms in the weekly paper called the NEWS." And so they are: but that is not enough: if he wrote for the NEWS once, it does not follow that he should always do so; and it is very necessary that the world should know

in what weekly collected heap of rubbish to rake for his invaluable productions. He therefore very considerately places, opposite the vignette of the title-page, where it may be sure to catch the eye*, this advertisement;

"It was not till after the title-page of the present work had been engraved, that the author had any intention of quitting the NEWS; but he now writes *exclusively* for the paper called the EXAMINER, *(O fortunate Examiner!* exclusively *to engross such talents!)* of which the reader may see a *prospectus* at the end of the volume. *(That is, plainly, mentioned by* accident.) It was *necessary* to state this, that he might not commence his work with an utter falsehood."

Now this was particularly conscientious, as not a soul would have known whether it were true or false, if the writer had not had too great a respect for the world to keep a secret of such importance to himself.

There is another discovery too, which his candour and fraternal affection lead him to make. He might, without doubt, have assumed *exclusively* to himself the honor of the design as well as the execution of this work, and no one would have taken the trouble to *hunt* out the truth of the matter. But no: he can spare a slice to his brother, and there will still honor enough be left for himself: so,

* The eye indeed would look at any thing rather than this vignette; which is composed of two female figures, one standing a straddle, and holding a long dart between her thumb and *middle* finger, and the other sitting on the ground, in company with a dagger and a salt-cellar, with her hair hanging entirely over her face, as if she had been combing her head with her fingers, which in fact, appear to be still busy under her hair. Between them stands a mirror, upon which is inscribed, in capital letters, YOURSELF: implying, of course, that when you look in a glass, you are not to expect to see your face, or limbs, but the letters Y, O, U, &c. This, perhaps, may be the case with such *literary* folks as the writer of these Critical Essays, but every one is not a *man of* LETTERS.

"to Mr. JOHN HUNT, (*printer and publisher*) at whose suggestion it was attempted, the following work is inscribed, by his affectionate brother, the author." (*See Dedication.*) In short, this wonderful work, this literary sun is to throw a radiance over the whole house of HUNT. Mr. Leigh Hunt writes, Mr. R. Hunt designs the vignette, Mr. *Mæcenas* John Hunt prints and publishes, and the *reverend* father of these Hunts subscribes it round to the trade.

After all this parade we might naturally expect something; but to use his own words, 'there is a flourish of trumpets, and enter Tom Thumb: there is an earthquake, and a worm is thrown up.' *Prospectus of Examiner*, p. 1. However, if he has done nothing else, he has given, unintentionally indeed, a very just character of his CRITICAL ESSAYS; 'twenty writers would say the same things without being critics at all.' p. 204. In fact, there would be little room for criticism, if the manner were not stranger than the matter: for, except in some few instances which we shall presently notice, he has only echoed the public voice, and strung together a set of facts and observations, which have been made by every one long ago, and in which all are agreed: and if a man will come into company, and, as a wonderful discovery, gravely inform us that two and two make four, we cannot contradict him, though we may laugh in his face.

Our CRITICAL ESSAYIST, indeed, has a good memory: and he should trust to his memory, and not attempt to exercise his judgment, for that is sure to lead him astray. When he ventures to form an opinion of his own, or to enter into illustrations and comparisons, he wanders, and is lost. At these times he takes great liberties with himself; and it is astonishing with what little ceremony this great man gives himself the lie. Otway's BELVIDERA

leads him into a sad scrape of this sort. In his Essay on Mrs. Siddons, he says, p. 19.

'If Mrs. Siddons has not every single requisite to a perfect tragedian, it is the *amatory pathetic*: in the despair of *Belvidera* for instance she rises to sublimity, but in the *tenderness* of *Belvidera*, she preserves too stately and self-subdued an air: she can overpower, astonish, afflict, but cannot win: her majestic presence and commanding features seem to disregard love, as a trifle to which they cannot descend.'

Then comes a fine rhapsody to convince us that Mrs. S—— is not to be a bit more respected for despising love, for that love is a very pretty thing, and PLATO, and HENRY the GREAT thought so, and what is more Mr. Leigh Hunt thinks so. But this is not to our present purpose.

Speaking of MISS SMITH he says;

'She is *unskilfulful* in those *amatory feelings*, which are generally intermixed with the vivacity of a comedy-heroine. But there is a peculiar something in her style, perhaps a natural reserve, which breathes round her a *coldness unapproachable by love*, and there always appears to me, in her very youth, a kind of premature matronliness, that however it may increase our respect, certainly lessens our feeling.

'There is a character, which is sufficient of itself to persuade me of MISS SMITH's genius for tragedy, that of *Belvidera* in *Venice Preserved! Belvidera* indeed would not be a character for MISS SMITH, did *it* express *it's* love' (*what an ungallant fellow* is this to *neutralize* the fair thus!) 'like most heroines; but OTWAY has raised the spirited Venetian above the usual weak manner of sex, by a violence of passion that would render her *masculine*, did it arise from any thing but *love*.' p. 213.

One would have thought this reason might have served Mrs. Siddons as well as Miss Smith; but it were idle to waste comments on such gross contradictions.

Again, p. 208, he says,

'We question whether in a lover's speeches monotony is not even proper. There is a *monotony* in the *feelings* of love.'

Speaking of ELLISTON, p. 187, however, who certainly is not given to *monotony*, he declares, that,

'Mr. ELLISTON's peculiar *warmth* of feeling (*not monotony*) has rendered him the *best lover* on the stage, both in tragedy and comedy. When he makes love, he appears literally to live in the object before him; he shews a most original *earnestness* in his approach and in his devoirs to his mistress; in short, he is his fair one's shadow which obeys her slightest movement with *simultaneous acknowledgment*.'

Simultaneous acknowledgment! Fine words, no doubt, if we could make out what they meant.

We cannot tell what new superlative our Critical Essayist may have discovered; but p. 168 we find,

'MRS. JORDAN is not only the *first* actress of the day, but as it appears from the description we have of former actresses, the first that has adorned our stage.

And yet it should seem that she had never attained perfection in a single character; for of ELLISTON's *Duke Aranza* in the HONEY MOON, our CRITICAL ESSAYIST, says, p. 199,

'I have no hesitation in pronouncing his representation of this character a *perfect* performance; and there are but *two* OTHER performances in my recollection, which I consider as deserving of the same epithet, *Mr.* KEMBLE's PENRUDDOCK, and the *Queen Katharine* of *Mrs.* SIDDONS.'

It would be easy to select a hundred instances more of assertions, for opinions we cannot call them, equally ridiculous and inconsistent with each other: but these will be sufficient to shew what reliance is to be placed upon

such a CRITIC, who either is unacquainted with any principles of criticism, or, having learnt them only by rote, constantly blunders in the application.

We must not omit, however, to do justice to his maiden modesty, which turns with such crimson blushes from the sight of a lady in breeches. He cannot be even decently civil to MRS. POWEL, not for her want of talent, of which we allow she has little enough, but because she has now and then assumed the breeches, p. 44. In the essay on Miss Duncan there is a very pious sermon on this subject; a probationary exercise, no doubt, for an *election* into the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*. MISS DUNCAN, indeed, calls forth all the severity of his censure, and (to use a vulgar phrase) *catches it hip and thigh!* He talks p. 178 of her 'provoking attention by *an appearance full of display!*' Of her

'Tight waistcoats that imprison the waist merely to give greater freedom to the chest, white silk stockings that make the leg want nothing but a pedestal to fix it for the eye of the connoisseur, and *tight* breeches through which MR. SHELDON might read a lecture on the sartorian muscles.'

Indeed the *feminine breeches* never occur, that his offended delicacy does not take the alarm.

'MRS. JORDAN,' (says he, p. 166.) 'has *unfortunately* been the finest *breeches-figure*, as the newspapers *gloatingly* call it, upon the British stage. This male attirement of actresses is one of the most *barbarous, injurious*, and *unnatural* customs of the stage; it has proceeded from want of invention *in the author*, sometimes from a spirit of *pruriency* in the actresses; there is required, in fact, a breadth of manner and demeanour in a woman's imitation of men, which no female, who had not got over a certain *feminine reserve of limb*, could ever maintain or endure; and when the imitation becomes frequent and limbs bent to their purpose, it is impossible to return to that delicacy of behaviour, which *exists*

merely as it is incapable of forgetting itself. It is like attempting to *straiten a curled lock* by holding it nearer the fire!'

The *Devil* surely put this simile into his head to betray him; for, though he seems such a SAINT, we shrewdly suspec the stole it from a certain poem, ON which so chaste an eye should never have *gloated.*

We cannot but admire his acuteness in discovering

'From mere stage observation that Mr. RAYMOND was a man of reading!' p. 32, and that 'he cannot help reminding us of the tragedian.'

The care which he takes to convince us that his praise of a MISS GRANT is impartial, shews that he has more regard for his prejudices than his veracity. After speaking of her 'perfect nature and happy ease,' which we who have seen her too, should have called unblushing confidence, he adds,

'I have *as little* personal knowledge of MISS GRANT as of every other actress; I thought this notice due to a rising performer who has a claim upon my gratitude for the pleasure she has afforded me.' p. 160.

Why this consciousness, if he knew she deserved his praise, or why suppose he should be suspected of partiality or *intimacy* in praising her, more than in praising any one else?

But we have already wasted too much time in commenting upon this silly tattling: the *matter*, as we before observed, at least what he has himself furnished of original, is nothing; we subjoin a few specimens of the *manner.* Of his vanity, self-importance, and affectation, we have spoken already; and to give every instance that occurs, would be to make an extract from every page of his book. But as examples of '*delightful no-meaning*, p. 31, or '*that nothing means something*,' p. 11, the following may serve:

'Though an author may distort nature by giving his characters to farcical actors, the *strength* of his pen may still be *powerful* enough, with the assistance of a better actor, to spring back to its *rectitude of effect!* p. 92.

'Assassinations are little conducive to *female delicacy of effect* on the stage. p. 205.

'The soul's painting, like material objects, must be copied into the vision with instantaneous unaided magic!' p. 210.

Speaking of the figures in SMIRKE's paintings he says, 'the little therefore which SMIRKE gains by their *obstrusiveness of pencil!*' p. 152.

All this may mean something, though we cannot guess what. Then we have '*close wideness*,' p. 222, '*idiotcy*,' p. 174; passing from one thing to another '*with undiminished easiness of attainment*,' p. 98; and a hundred other phrases equally new and expressive. In the same style, there is something like an attempt at wit, in the shape of a pun, p. 209.

'If the sight is more accurate in *likeness*, fancy is a better painter of things to be *liked*.'

Now and then too our Critical Essayist strains hard to be humorous. How he succeeds the reader shall judge for himself.

'Not that *I* have any ambition to explore all the strange variety of things in the wardrobe or the property-room, though an adventurous person might write an amusing history of his travels through the wooden Tartarus behind the scenes, as how he tumbled over a fork of lightning, broke his shins on a cloud, or hurt his knuckles against the main ocean, &c. &c. but without *jesting!*' p. 211.

Speaking of Mr. C. KEMBLE's habit of frowning, he exclaims,

'What should we think of a man, who when he was asked whether he preferred pudding or pie, should knit his brows into an *agony of logical doubt?*

GUEST. (*after frowning with downward meditation.*) 'Madam, I will take a little pie. (*aside, after receiving the pie and frowning with awful study.*) I am not sure that pudding would not have been better.' p. 226.

There must be *tartness* in this pie, surely, or he would not have given us two slices of it at once. But this is nothing to the exquisite piece of *typographical* humour which he presents us with at p. 200.

'I consider MR. ELLISTON the greatest actor of the present day.

Mr. Kemble's friends, MR. COOKE's, and MR. POPE's all speaking at once.	"Bless my soul, sir, you have totally forgotten	"That great actor Mr. KEMBLE!" "That excellent unsophisticated actor, Mr. COOKE!" "That lofty, energetic, and surprising actor, Mr. POPE!"

If this be humour, he must be content to share the honors of it with the printer's devil.

The *similies*, of which he is very fond, are often extremely amusing. Praising Elliston's performance of *Octavian*, he says,

'His feelings follow each other like the *buckets on a water-wheel*, full one instant and empty the next, now rising with all their rapidity, now disappearing with as rapid a fall.' p. 185.

Mrs. H. Siddons in the character of *Emily* in the *School for friends*, is compared to 'a lady slipping down in attempting to *kick her lap dog*: the thing is *better* because it is done *badly*, and the lady saves her character unintentionally, p. 207.

But in his appendix, p. 207, he falls upon a still more unfortunate illustration:

'The boisterous vivacity of Mr. Fawcet,' (says he) 'can at no time adapt itself to the feebleness of old age, we might as well look for *roses in a stone wall*.'

This is the first time we ever heard that roses were symbols of old age, or that *stone walls* were addicted to boisterous vivacity. But we will have done with him. And in future we would advise him to confine himself *exclusively* to the EXAMINER. There he may strut and prattle as much nonsense as he pleases, without fearing a check: he may pass for a fine writer among the critics of a pot-house. Should he be inclined to be angry with us for the freedom with which we have expressed our opinion of himself and of his work, of his extreme conceit and consummate insignificance, we will reply to him in his own words, Appendix 16: 'It is ludicrous enough, that a man should produce something contemptible, and then quarrel with us for our contempt: a criminal who had been found guilty at the bar might as well express his astonishment at the want of feeling in the judge.'

The SATIRIST *Satirised, or a Peep at the Monthly Meteor, price* 2*s.* pp. 52.

We most earnestly entreat all charitable christians to purchase this little pamphlet, by doing which they may probably keep its miserable author from entering the door of a work-house! Would to Heaven we could point out any means by which we might be rescued from the impending danger of being confined in a *mad*-house;—but alas! poor man, we fear he is *incurable*, otherwise he would never have attempted to *write* before he had learned to *read*. We solemnly protest that we are so far from feeling any resentment against him for this harmless publication, that we do most anxiously wish its sale may exceed his most sanguine expectations, to promote which is our sole motive for condescending to honor it with our notice. We are unwilling however, that our readers should be duped even into an act of charity, and

therefore feel it our duty to inform them, that this pamphlet does not contain a single *fact* relative to the Satirist, nor a single correct quotation therefrom; and that *every page* contains at least two gross grammatical errors. (The author talks of the *preposition* IT, &c. &c.) and as many sentences of *absolute nonsense*.

More Subjects than One, or cursory Views of various Objects principally connected with France and the French People, to which are added Essays, and Miscellaneous Reflections on different Topics. By J. B. Davies, M. D. Author of "Observations sur les Asphixies," "Projet de Reglement concernant les Décès," "The Ancient and Modern History of Nice," &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s*. Tipper.

AT the present moment, a work which professes to describe the state of society and manners, in a country which has become the wonder and the scourge of the continent, cannot fail to attract the notice of the English reader. Dr. Davies, during his captivity at Verdun, has had many opportunities of observing the habits and peculiarities of the *canaille* or lower order of Frenchmen, which a mere *tourist* could not have possessed; and we confess that we have acquired both amusement and information from the perusal of that part of his work which treats of these subjects. There are also many anecdotes which attracted our notice, particularly the account of Miss Villedon, which contains in itself more *plot* and *incident* than we have often found in four volumes of some modern novels, and the assurance that the story is authentic, considerably adds to its interest. The author has chosen the following passage from Quintilian for his motto:

"*Curæ* testimonium meruisse contentus:"

which is rather unfortunate, for we scarcely noticed less

than a hundred errors of the press, and not a few of a less venial nature. We could wish that he had not filled so many of his pages with uninteresting accounts of trivial circumstances, and dull details of *his own* feelings; this is a fault into which every modern traveller has fallen. Dr. Davies appears extremely anxious that his anecdotes should bear internal evidence of their authenticity: he has, therefore, in his account of the incombustible Spaniard, considerably abridged the catalogue of his *wonderful achievements.*

"As I have endeavoured (says the Doctor) in various parts of my work to introduce such subjects as were in my opinion calculated to entertain my reader, I shall conclude my work, by introducing one upon him, that will astonish him, and even, perhaps, stagger his confidence in the historian. I trust, however, that the anecdote, though mysterious and incredible *prima facie*, will be no longer doubted, when to my own statement, and to substantiate the facts I am going to mention, I adduce the concurring evidence of a highly accurate and respectable traveller.

"Numerous publications have acquainted the world with the ingenious devices and shows instituted in Paris for the purpose of amusing the community, and of providing the inventors with a livelihood. The prophecies of cunning people in the streets: divination at lottery booths by the Turkish emperor, or some other puppet: the glass wheel of fortune: the golden chain of fate: and necromancy practised under various shapes, are considered wonderful attainments of the human mind, and by some persons even the result of supernatural inspiration. Next to these curiosities may be likewise added, the ludicrous exhibition on the *Boulevards* of a flea drawing an elephant, or conducting a carriage with six horses having ladies and gentlemen in it; a duel between two flies, with a small sword, and similar miraculous entertaining sights.

"This Spaniard* is the phenomenon who has excited such universal astonishment and horror in the metropolis, who was feared

* The incombustible gentleman alluded to.

by the police, and whom the faculty tortured, in order to ascertain whether his frame was equally insensible to cutting and blows, as it was to the action of fire. This man had long been in the habit of drinking boiling oil or water in the presence of numerous spectators, who assembled to witness the astonishing fact: and by way of refreshing his mouth, and of holding one of these liquids in it, while he washed his hands, arms, and face, in melted lead. Do not suppose, reader, that these feats gave him any pain, or that he had the least occasion to repent of his temerity: on the contrary, having thus revived his sight and gustatory nerves, he would, *though I was not a witness of this fact* complete his toilet, by rubbing on his skin a cosmetic lotion, composed of aquafortis.

I have been assured, that he would also occasionally revert to the latter by way of a cordial. And with regard to pedestrian exercise, not any thing is so agreeable to tread upon bare-footed, when he indulges himself with a walk, as red hot bars of iron; nor does he hesitate to take up in his hand the burning metal, and wipe his naked arm with it.

This unfeeling Spaniard has, by order of his torturer, been saluted with one or two smart bastinadoes; but to a repetition of this operation he long since put in his veto, though he consents to have incisions made in the calves of his legs, and to allow a gold pin to be passed from one side of his wrist to the other. Pain was *once* or *twice* the result of some deep incisions in his legs; but he expresses not much uneasiness during the pin's short journey from one side of his wrist to the other.

"Mr. Kotzebue writes thus of him: 'do you see the jar of oil bubbling and boiling over a coal fire? The young man who takes it off, drinks a hearty draught of its burning contents without distorting a feature, rinses his mouth for a long time with it as if it were fresh water, and spits it out still boiling; he then, with the remainder of the oil in the pot, washes his hands, arms, face, and even eyes, which, however, he shuts. Having been purified by the fire, like the asbestos, he takes a walk, by way of a change, with his naked feet upon a piece of red-hot iron; and to refresh himself, he even licks the glowing metal with his tongue. If this poor youth be equally insensible to the flames of love, he is un-

doubtedly to be pitied. All this is no imposture, but really happens as I have now related: but whether, as some assert, he causes a kind of salamander ointment to be rubbed into the skin, which is not to be perceived, I shall leave undetermined.'

"This man is of a middle stature, thin, and of a coarse and dark complexion; but his skin presents no particularities, at least not to the naked eye of the observer. He is turned of thirty, and is exceedingly active. He can scarcely distinguish by his taste one aliment from the other; smooth and rough bodies produce the same impression to the touch; but, although incombustible, he is not insensible to cold. He is in good health, and married; but has no children, or they might prove a valuable acquisition to our fire insurance offices.

"He had engaged at Verdun, and I know not for what reason it was declined, to spend a short time in a heated oven, and to retire when the joint, that he proposed taking with him, should be properly cooked. He might probably have had some fear of being baked himself, or why not, salamander like, have placed himself in the burning medium?

"Such a being would of course engross a fire to the exclusion of every other person, and not, perhaps, be satisfied without sitting down upon it; in which case, however, he would meet with no competitor.

"It has been said, that this phenomenon employed a preparation to guarantee his body from the action of fire: again, that the fluids he took were not of a boiling heat; and the vulgar insist, that he carried Beelzebub in his entrails. Certain it is that he was shunned, for fear he should possess others of the devil. *But is he not an impostor after all?*"

Who can forbear smiling at the modesty of the Doctor's query? Such of our readers as have not read the History of *Baron Munchausen* may probably feel some *doubts* upon the subject, as well as the author. We can assure them, however, that we have heard another traveller *seriously* declare, that this *Spanish Salamander actually* went into a hot *oven*, and remained there until a large shoulder of

mutton, which he held in his lap, was sufficiently baked, which he afterwards eat for his dinner!!!! We are not informed if the faculty ascertained the fact, that he had "a throat of brass and *adamantine lungs*;" nor whether the gentleman was ever actually *red hot*.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

WE have this month to record a few incidental beauties which we have observed in our progress through the paths of periodical criticism. This indeed, as we have stated before, will always be with us a sort of supererogatory work: our principal attention being (as we are convinced that of our readers will be) directed to that "sweet variety," surpassing the idea of the poet, "*qualem decet esse sororum*," of which the grave and weighty judgments of our seniors in the censorial chair afford so plentiful and so pleasing a crop. Not merely to glean in this field, but to gather-in the ample harvest, is both our task and our delight: our notice of any thing beyond this, will depend on accident alone, and not on regular research.

That sober and staid journal the Monthly Review, which we had a satisfaction in believing proud of a circulation deservedly superior to that of any contemporary and similar publication, takes occasion lately however, in examining Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism, (after mentioning that the work in question had proved "so gratifying to the society of Friends, that the whole of a large impression had been purchased merely by the members of this community,") to vent the following pathetic exclamation: "the Monthly Review has for nearly threescore years been friendly to the Friends; but when will they *thus* testify their acceptance of its good offices?" This surely is what the French would call *boutiquier*: it displays more of the bookseller, than of the man of letters; it smells rather of the shop than of the lamp.

We were particularly charmed with the elegant and captivating simplicity exhibited by the Critical Review, in the beginning of its article on the recent edition of the Elegies of Albinovanus: "*All that we know of this poet is, that we know nothing further than that* he lived and wrote in the Augustan age," &c.* The same monthly Number presents us with a masterly criticism of a poetical publication entitled the Mountain Bard: it is one that we are inclined to place in the class of which we have hazarded an instance already;† as written either by the author of the work criticised, or one of his personal friends. In this valuable piece of composition, besides being laid under obligations for the words *twin-destinied, presentment,* and *veritable,* we have also the phrases of "*voluntary* plagiarism" (we confess we have but a very unsatisfactory notion of *involuntary* plagiarism), "Llewelin *succeeded his usurping uncle to* the throne," "the *shine* of the glow-worm," "local yearning," "sensational sounds," "grammar violations," and "unschooled pretensions;" and the metaphor (beautiful for aught we know, but which we candidly declare is far above or below the range of our ideas) of "genius struggling in the viscous toils of studied resemblance." We must continue our acknowledgments to the writer, by mentioning that he states the author of the work in question to have been at one time "master of only two *shirts,* which hung in tatters about his *heels*;" a situation, as it seems to us, rather *below* the sphere usually assigned to garments of this kind, always excepting however the case of the Widow Wadman's night-shifts.‡) We are also incidentally but kindly informed concerning Mr. Southey's poem called Madoc (and the information was really new to us), that "*no bard* of *any period* ever produced a work of that length, in which perhaps more defects than can be found in Madoc might not be remarked." We rubbed our eyes at first reading this sentence, and gave it a second perusal, for we began to tremble for

* This gave us some recollection of the oratorical passage quoted in the Spectator's petition of THAT. "My lords, *that that* I say is this; *that that that that* noble lord said, is not *that that* he ought to have said."

† Pages 316, 317, of our first volume.

‡ Tristram Shandy.

certain old names that most people have heard of; till we fortunately recollected that there is *some* difference between the absence of defects and the presence of excellences. Our critic gives us an example of what he would himself call a "grammar violation," in the following passage: "the tender *sentiments* of the Farewell *is* not new ground." The delicacy of his ear is evinced in the remark, that "the word *soom* resembles the sound of water when its waves are cloven by the swimmer, more nearly than *swim*." We are further told too, what we certainly did not apprehend before, that Chatterton was "an inspired *rustic*."

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1. Trafalgaris Pugna, (the Battle of Trafalgar;) a Latin Poem, with a Literal Translation in English Prose: by Juvenis.

"As a juvenile attempt, this poem may be entitled to *praise*. The subject is IMPRESSIVELY exhibited, and the lines have an easy flow."—Monthly Review.

"This poem, we are told, was submitted to the perusal of several gentlemen of the first literary fame in both universities; and their unanimous approbation has induced the author to publish a few copies of this juvenile essay. Unless these 'gentlemen of literary fame' intended a *quiz* upon Juvenis, we think the reputation of the universities will suffer considerably in the opinion of every reader of the Battle of Trafalgar. The utility of the Translation will not be doubted, as the Latin is UNINTELLIGIBLE."—Critical Review.

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2. Two Sermons preached at Newport, Isle of Wight, December 28, 1806, and January 4, 1807, by Daniel Tyerman.

"These discourses may be regarded as of *general utility*. We cannot but *recommend* this pamphlet."—Monthly Review.

"The manner in which Mr. Tyerman has executed his task, claims our *esteem* and *congratulation*.—These well-connected truths are explained and proved in a *sound, forcible, argumentative*, and scriptural manner: indeed the *apt allusion*, the *cautious distinction*, and the *convincing truth*, which rank this sermon among the *most useful* of its contemporaries, &c. The *style* is *manly* and *perspicuous*."—Eclectic Review.

"If no other cause induced us to rank Daniel Tyerman in the class of the methodist preachers, his interjections, which occur in every page, would inevitably convict him. The *ludicrous matter* here collected, is amply indicative of the sect to which he belongs. The second sermon ends, like most others of this description, with an anecdote: this *trumped up* story, &c.—How long will the *understanding* of the common people be *imposed upon* by such *rhapsodies* as those of Mr. Tyerman?"—Critical Review.

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3. Public Characters of 1807.

"This publication, with *a single exception*, is *respectable*."—Oxford Review.

"We are unfortunately reduced to the necessity of disapproving of *every part* of this book. Both plan and execution are *greatly below mediocrity*."—Critical Review.

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4. The Reign of Charlemagne; by Henry Card, A. M.

"The history of the reign of this great prince has long been a desideratum to English readers, which Mr. Card's industry has at length *in a great measure supplied*."—Oxford Review.

"Mr. Card has succeeded in executing a work, the want of which must have been long deplored by all who attentively examine the origin and progress of civilization. His diction is at once LIVELY, perspicuous, and energetic; and he frequently embellishes his subjects by remarks which evinces a PROFOUND JUDGMENT and a *refined taste*. He has contrived to recapitulate, in a brief but *clear and satisfactory* summary of 76 pages, the chief *military* operations and political events."—Monthly Mirror.

"A distinct view of the reign of Charlemagne, was a field that offered *abundant room* for a writer to distinguish himself in: and Mr. Card, actuated by a laudable motive to illustrate this portion of history, has attempted it in the work before us; but, in our opinion, has *completely failed* in producing a useful book. Why Mr. Card has deemed it advisable to pass over with such *rapid negligence* the *military* exploits of this renowned warrior, we cannot

conjecture. The style of the present work is *inflated, inelegant,* and *ungrammatical.*"—Universal Magazine.

"We have given our reasons for thinking the *subject* Mr. Card has chosen, an *unhappy* one. The reflections which are occasionally interspersed in this work, are distinguishable *neither* for depth of PENETRATION, nor VIVACITY of expression. Mr. Card's *grammar* is generally *unexceptionable.*"—Critical Review.

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5. A Detailed Account of the Battle of Austerlitz, by the Austrian Major-general Stutterheim.

"This authentic and masterly account of one of the most celebrated battles which ever took place between contending armies, is detailed with equal *perspicuity* and force."—British Critic.

"This narrative, in some of its parts, is *not very intelligible* to those who are unskilled in its subjects."—Monthly Review.

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6. A Letter from an Irish Dignitary to an English Clergyman, on the Subject of Tithes in Ireland.

"If any man entertain a doubt respecting the propriety, or even the right, of seizing upon tithes under any pretext whatever; or if any man believe that there is any oppression in tithes themselves, or in the mode of collecting them in Ireland; let him peruse this tract, written with equal ability and *temperance,*" &c.—Anti-jacobin Review.

"This venerable Dignitary appears to have his sides well larded with the fat of orthodoxy; that is a good Irish benefice, and perhaps a snug deanry into the bargain. We cannot be surprised therefore that he should be such a *sturdy stickler,*" &c.—Critical Review.

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7. Remarks on the Dangers which threaten the Established Religion, &c. In a Letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. By Edward Pearson, B. D.

"The *whole tract* is written in a *masterly manner*."—Antijacobin Review.

"According to Mr. Pearson," &c. [quotations.]—"Of these three *absurdities* we doubt which is the most *stupid*."—Eclectic Review.

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8. Observations on the Excessive Indulgence of Children, by James Parkinson.

"Mr. Parkinson, who is a professional man, here depicts, in strong but true colours, some of the *dreadful evils* which result from excessive indulgence to children," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

"This *sensible* publication should be read with attention, both by parents and all who have the management of nurseries. It possesses sufficient recommendation in the character of Mr. Parkinson, and in its own *good sense*, which will be *obvious to all* that peruse it."—British Critic.

"Every mother should read this *very important* pamphlet, and rigidly adhere to its *admirable advice*. We must intreat our readers, for their own sakes, to peruse, upon the credit of our warmest recommendation, this *valuable pamphlet*."—Eclectic Review.

"The author enumerates many of the diseases of children: and instead of the hackneyed descriptions of symptoms, and accounts of remedies, we are gravely informed of the *tremendous mischiefs* produced in each by crying, kicking, screaming, and scolding; practices which make humoured brats very disagreeable patients, and which also prevent the swallowing of many a bolus and many a draught. The apothecary therefore does well to write down these perverse habits. Could his young patients be made to read these Observations, they would certainly prove the most happy *lullaby* that could possibly be devised."—Critical Review.

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9. Affection, with other Poems, by Henry Smithers.

"We deem the following *advice* of *high importance*, &c.—It would be unjust to withhold our commendation from the *ami-*

able morality which Mr. Smithers generally inculcates.—This would have come with peculiar propriety from one who writes in *so edifying* a strain on the subject of Redemption.—Several passages are *very neatly turned*, of which we add an *elegant* specimen."—Eclectic Review.

"In Mr. Smithers's publication we *cannot*, in conscience, as directors of the public taste, *commend any thing* but the paper, the type, and the vignettes."—Critical Review.

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10. Pros and Cons for Cupid and Hymen; by Jenkin Jones, Editor of Love and Satire.

"Mr. Jones has the art of blending good moral precepts with POIGNANT satire and *much broad humour*, which renders his poetry at once *agreeable and instructive*. Our author's satire exhibits a *most observant* and benevolent *mind, intimately acquainted with mankind* in VARIOUS COUNTRIES and situations."—Antijacobin Review.

"To the editor of Love and Satire we apportioned no small degree of our *applause*, which we are sorry to be under the necessity of *withholding* from him as the author of Pros and Con; a performance both INSIPID and *vulgar, utterly destitute of* the *spirit* which animated his former production, and abounding only with those *hackneyed vulgarities* which are the *characteristics* of a COCKNEY."—Critical Review.

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11. Corinna, by Madame de Stael Holstein.

"It would indicate in us a DEFICIENCY both *of judgment* and OF TASTE, if we did not ascribe *considerable merit* to this performance. Regarded merely *as a novel* it *cannot rank* very *high*; but for accuracy of information and depth of reflection on the antiquities, arts, language, literature, music, climate, and manners of the people, of Italy, she is *not surpassed by any author* who has undertaken to write on these subjects. In the descriptions of Italy, this lady shines in the character of *an enlightened traveller*."—Monthly Review.

"The narrative of Madame de Stael is as *lively and affecting* as her descripitions are *picturesque and beautiful*, so that each of them by itself could maintain *a high place* in the *species of composition* to which it belongs. The conception of the story is also in a *high degree original*.—*Lord Nelvil* is a Scots nobleman of *great* promise and *accomplishments*.—The feeling description which she gives of this change, the satire, and at the same time the insight into the human character and manners, displayed in this part of the story, will be read here with peculiar interest.—Such is the outline of a story which the genius of the author has contrived to render *extremely interesting*.—The passage that immediately follows, breathes strongly the *spirit of freedom*. On the whole, the blemishes are very inconsiderable compared with the general execution of the work; with the *imagination*, the *feeling*, and the *eloquence*, displayed in it."—Edinburgh Review.*

"Our grosser judgments might have assigned to *lord Nelvil* a niche in the sanctuary of *stupidity*, had not Madame de Stael told us positively," &c.—Critical Review.

"We should BLUSH for the TASTE, and shudder at the impiety, of the *admirers* of such works as Corinna and Delphine."—Oxford Review.

* The Edinburgh reviewer, noticing Madame de Stael's representation of fashionable life among us, speaks of "the *long interval* from dinner to tea;" which gives us reason to suppose neither the *French* lady nor the *Scotch* gentleman very well acquainted with fashionable life in *England*.—SATIRIST.

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

We have great pleasure in declaring, that we have this month witnessed very few of those disgraceful effusions of partiality and malice (except those alluded to in another part of our work) which too frequently stain the columns of our daily and weekly newspapers, and we have much satisfaction in the thought that we have contributed to the dimunition of the evil, by holding up the offenders to merited contempt. The public may rely on our continuing to discharge this, and every other important duty, with the strictest impartiality and justice.

OPERA-HOUSE.

It is impossible for us to *do justice* to the taste and judgment of those who have usurped the management of this theatre. In our last, we informed our readers that the opera of Dido was about to be performed; it has since appeared, and never did we laugh more heartily at any of Foote's admirable farces, than at the first representation of this *serious* opera. With the merits of Signiors Righi, Rovedino, &c. &c the public are too well acquainted, to require from us any criticism on their respective performances, we shall, therefore, only observe that they enacted and sang their parts in their *usual* style of *excellence*. One of these gentlemen, however, having his face *blacked*, looked much handsomer *than usual*.

Since the commencement of the present season, MADAME CATALANI had hitherto attracted the undivided attention of the audience; but, on the present occasion, although she never appeared to greater advantage, she was as object of secondary notice. Madame Dusek was unquestionably the *chief curiosity* of the evening.

Metastasio has been peculiarly happy in copying the character of *Eneas* from his great original, and has delineated a hero, of whom *Dido* might well have exclaimed,

"Quem sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore et armis!
Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum."

VIRGIL.

"His worth, *his actions*, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods, declare."

The managers having foolishly neglected to engage *Sivoni*, felt that they had not a *man* in their company capable of representing these heroic virtues, and therefore *wisely* resolved that the part of ENEAS should be performed by—*a lady in the family way!*

Ye sacred shades of Virgil and Metastasio, if ye were permitted to look from your Elysian abodes, what must have been your sensations at beholding your invincible Trojan hero personified by *Madame Dusek* in TROWSERS? 'Tis true, you have yourselves described him as having been in some most wonderful *situations*; but, unless our memory marvellously fail us, you have not ventured to assert that he was ever in *that situation*,

"Which *women* wish to be who love their *lords*."

We do not remember ever having witnessed so complete a burlesque as on the present occasion. The fine full tones and majestic deportment of the Carthaginian queen, formed such an admirable contrast to the weak voice and imbecile action of the poor puny *pregnant* Trojan hero, that the effect was irresistible; indeed the entré of Tom Thumb is not half so ludicrous as Madame Dusek's in the part of Eneas.

A new ballet, called l'Enlevement de Déjanire, has also been produced at this theatre. The subject of which is the rape of Dejanira by the Centaur Nessus. We expected Mr. D'EGVILLE would have hired one of Astley's *dancing-horses*, to have performed a *pas seul* in the character of the Centaur, but he only favored us with a *horse's skin* stuffed and dragged about the stage upon wheels. Such exquisite nonsense as these *French ballets* defy criticism.

DRURY-LANE.

Another month has elapsed, more novelties have been produced, if it be possible, worse than those which preceded them. The comical tragedy of

Falkner, and the nonsensical comedy of *Something to Do*, both yield the palm to *Kais*. The dulnes of *Godwin*, and the sprightly trash of *Hoare*, both sink by comparison with the stupidity of *Brandon*.

Vile beyond abomination, wretched beneath contempt, and ridiculous below criticism, an opera in four acts has been produced at this theatre of wisdom, wholly and completely deficient in plot, incident, common sense, and common grammar.

Who are the persons at Drury-Lane to whom is confided the charge of accepting and rejecting pieces? Is Mr Graham*the Mæcenas? If he is, his *justice* does not reach from Bow-street to the theatre. Is Mr. Sheridan? If so, he must be drunk when he reads; and if it is his son, it is a matter of doubt whether he can read at all.

Let the god-father of these operas, tragedies, and plays, the legitimate offspring of dulness and ignorance, be who he may, he must either be without sense to discover merit or without candour to acknowledge it.

If a boy at a charity-school had written *Kais* as an exercise, if his master had not flogged him for his stupidity, he would have acted as unjustly by him as the multifarious tribe of Israel did by the author, when they supported this monster of dramatic deformity.

There is some praise due to its author for the perseverance and trouble which he must have had in putting together any thing so perfectly ridiculous, without ever having *par hazard* hit upon a single joke or witticism, and for having ingenuity enough to write a dialogue which lasts four hours, without having expressed one pretty thought or happy conceit.

The plot is taken from a Persian tale, but the dramatic author's *penchant* for disguises, pervades even the structure of the piece, for we defy the most cunning observer upon earth, if he could keep himself awake through one half of Kais, to discover a single feature of the simple story he once had read, under the mask of such indefatigable stupidity.

Braham has a part, evidently intended for a sort of musical *Ostavian*, and Kemble, if he had played Prince Orlando, in the Cabinet, could not be farther out of his element than this exquisite singer is in the representation of the Mad Lover.

The attempt at imitation in the author was impertinent, the result unfavourable; for if it is intended as a ridicule of an excellent drawn character, from the pen of the inimitable *Colman*, it is seriously contemptible, and if meant as a serious copy, it is contemptibly ridiculous; in which predicament also stands a song which poor Bannister is doomed to sing, borrowed or filched with the same attention to disguise as is exhibited throughout, from *Autolycus* in the *Winter's Tale*, certainly Brandon and Shakspeare, though stars of different ages, might have hit upon the same idea, and though "*The Sweet Willy O*," thought of it first, yet "cunning *little Isaac* might hit upon it too," in all probability he did, for in all probability he never read any thing.

"Scribimus indocti doctique."

The incident (for there is *one*) of a tyrant king forcing a man to sing, to prove to him that it was not his voice his majesty had just before heard, reminded us of the old story of an Irish gentleman, who, being at a ball, and dancing rather awkwardly, saw a beau imitating him in a corner, he immediately called him to an account for his facetious steps, when the other assured him that it was his natural way of dancing. "Natural, is it? Natural replied the Hibernian, och! if its natural well and good, keep on, keep on; but, by the *Powers*, if you attempt to make it artificial, I'll break every bone in your skin."

This enormous Egyptian, sword in hand, insists that *Marvelloso* (*mirabile dictu*) shall sing, to convince him it was *not* his *voice* he had heard before, and actually the ceremony is performed on the stage, after which this *Emir* (who, from his subsequent duel in the piece, we suppose to be one of Sir John's relations) struts off in all the terrible transport of *turbaned* tyranny.

The audience saw and approved this! Come on ye dunderheads, ye blockheads, and ye without any heads at all! scribble, blot, and fill your

* As Mr. Graham will not *openly avow* himself the manager, there can be no impropriety in the above queries, although our readers may perceive that *we* have no doubt upon the subject.

quires of paper, present them at Drury-Lane, and let the proprietors have them represented to what was once *John Bull*, and the *jack-ass* will readily swallow them; it is a healthy hydra kind of animal, and has a glorious digestion; but whatever you do messieurs poets, gild the pill with a procession, for your glorious predecessor *Brandon* has done it; follow the bright example, and live in recording pages as a successful author, whose works (as *managers* assert in their play bills) have been received with reiterated bursts and shouts of applause, from all parts of the theatre.*

There was a procession introduced in the second act, which was intended to outdo all the usual outdoings of Drury-lane; and accordingly there was produced a splendid display of all the gingerbread banners they have in the theatre, some English, some Turkish, a few Spanish, others French, and some Peruvian, which waved nobly in the hands of a party of Egyptians, who appeared just starting on a journey across the desarts mounted upon *camels*, who were actually dressed in *brown pantaloons*.

To explain away what may appear hyperbole, it is necessary to observe, that the rags which were intended to represent camel skins, did not fit the men who performed the characters of *legs*; and the mechanists attempts at nature in the beasts, were as vain as the author's at *art* in the poetry. The songs were like nothing but Christmas carols, and the hides of the animals resembled nothing but bundles of old cloathes, in the shop-windows of Houndsditch or Duke's-place.

To particularize the absurdities of a piece, in which there is nothing of a contrary nature, we have neither inclination nor room; but we should like to know, what Mr. Brandon means by "gazeless eyes:" we suspect the original reads "*gas*less eyes," *i. e.* eyes without any thing inflammable in their nature: but we are quite in the dark on this subject, as we also find ourselves with respect to the following couplet in one of Braham's songs, when a lady, speaking of her lover, says,

"It is thought in the battle he met with his death,
"But no, 'twas this hawthorn that robb'd his sweet breath."

Here we confess ourselves puzzled. Does he mean that he was hanged upon the tree?

We have just heard (we know not with what truth) that Mr. Brandon, having witnessed the success of such authors as endeavoured to do away old and vulgar prejudices, determined to add his name to the list; and ruminating upon the nurse's songs to children, which run thus:

"Suppose I was a man, and you were the stump of a tree,
"Here I could have you, and there I could have you, but where could you have me?

He saw the immoral tendency of the lines, which he conceived were actual incentives to the young mind, to injure a harmless tree; and by this instructive ditty, he resolved to prove to the world, that a tree could *have* his hero somewhere or other.

Mathews had a part like—like nothing on earth but *Rasched* in *Kais*: it was unique; but he matched Master Brandon cleverly, and was seized with an *indisposition* which prevented his performing it after the third night. Why does not Kelly follow his example? It is very provoking! his part is full as bad, and yet he will not be affronted; he persists in playing: we wish that he would take the hint and go off in a huff: In a huff, quotha? in any thing so that he would but go off! If he had less to sing (he has but one duet) and Mr. Powell less to say, the audience would have less to disgust them: and if Mr. Putnam was to be omitted altogether, it would save the audience the torment of his speeches, which would be a *loss gained*: for though the youth has talent, and in Ella Rosenberg performs really well, yet, if Garrick himself had been set up to talk nonsense, though he might have amused as Garrick, he could not as the Egyptian Emir of Mr. Brandon. The words in the dialogue are like the parts in the action, all confusion and incon-

* Poor John Bull, however, could not swallow all the nonsense Mr Brandon's hospitality offered; and at the conclusion of the piece, there was the devil to pay between the Jews and the Gentiles.

gruity: call you this *Kais*, my author?

"'Tis CHAOS, come again."

We had, however, the satisfaction of hearing Miss Lyon's sweet voice. This young lady is a treasure to the theatre; but when she appears in male attire, she should banish some of her modesty, and not suffer it to overcome her propriety: for her dress was made in so complete a state of *betweenity*, that

"As when one stock and grafted twig combin'd,
"Shoot up the same, and wear one common rind;
"Both bodies in a single body mix
"A single body with a double sex."

And it was difficult to determine, whether her dress was the badly formed habit of a gentleman, or the ill-constructed disguise of a lady.

Mrs. Mountain appeared to as little advantage, as we ever saw her: she had little to do, and she did not do that little well. Storace's air was better; she gave the duets with Braham remarkably well.

After this catalogue of faults, it will be natural to enquire, what preserved this piece from the fate many a better one has met? Did the English audience act upon Cicero's idea of

"Damnant quod non intelligunt"

It must have fallen. The fact is, that managers were resolved to *force* it upon the public.

Braham's airs are beautiful; and the enlightened audience of the Italian opera might have been proud to patronize them. No English singer but Braham, could have done justice to them: He is a man of extraordinary talent, and deserves a better ground to work upon, than "barren *Brandon* heath."

Why does Mr. Reeve introduce little flutes and bells in every thing he writes—Tootle tootle, ting a ring, ting a ring, and tootle tootle, form the enlivening parts of his overtures, songs, duets, trios, and chorusses: it is all mighty disgusting, and though it may catch the ears of a Sadler's Wells audience, when he gets by chance coupled with a man of refined taste like Braham, he should forget the puppet-show; and if he cannot compose tolerably, follow the example of his betters, and *steal* from somebody who can, and thus make up something like decent music for decent company.

For the audience who suffered this piece to go through its second representation, and their judgment, we hope Mr. Brandon will excuse our expressing a sovereign contempt.

The "*Chances*" has been revived, and *Elliston* has had an opportunity of displaying his great talents for comedy, in Don John. In characters of this sort, he appears to the best advantage. He was as excellent in the hero, as Mrs. Jordan was, in what may be termed, the heroine: a greater praise we cannot bestow.

Foote's Mayor of Garrat, has also been revived and received with warmth and admiration by the audience—(the house was then full of *christians*). The excellent humour of the English Aristophanes, brought down plaudits from the hands of those men, who think justly, that when he died, Farce died with him, or at least was so near death, that she had one *Foot* in the grave.

Dowton's *Major Sturgeon* was very well imagined, and as well executed. His appearance was admirable, and contrasted with the mean figure of Mr. Penley (who could have engaged *him*) he looked like a giant.

Russel's *Sneak* was a chef d'œuvre, and a song he sung containing the Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, was *rapturously* encored. Indeed, if we except Mrs. Harlowe, who never did any thing well in her life, the whole piece was played excellently, and will no doubt produce what the treasury stand in woeful need of, good half-prices. While *Kais* is running, they may despair of good houses early in the evening; and as half a loaf is better than no bread, they must content themselves with audiences at three shillings a head, when they cannot get them to pay six.

A play by Mr. Lee, a gentleman of fortune in Kent, which had been accepted and copied out for rehearsal by the order of the manager, has since been returned to him as unfit for representation.

Mr. Cherry has a farce in preparation.

Mrs. Powell is dangerously ill, and the house has no one person to play a heroine; pretty contrivance enough: but no matter: this too is *management!*

COVENT-GARDEN.

Novelty again!—On Tuesday the 9th, a new play, called "*Begone dull Care*," or "*How will it End?*" was produced at this theatre.

The plot has been noticed in all the daily papers; and indeed in modern plays the plot is so very inconsiderable a part of the performance, that it is hardly worth mentioning at all.

The happy knack of comedy writing to please the town, their favourite Reynolds has discovered; and the present emanation of his genius, if it adds not a leaf to the wreath he has gained, certainly plucks none from it. The comedy of *Begone dull Care* is a lively, sprightly piece; the dialogue of which (*like* all the dialogues of the last season) is free from puns, and (*unlike* all the dialogues of the last season) replete with humor.

Some of the incidents are truly comic, and we never saw the excellent Fawcett to more advantage. *Lord Blushdale* is a complete piece of acting; and since the author's strictures on senators have escaped the Lord Chamberlain before performance, and have not induced a visit from a serjeant at arms *since*, we, in common with all who heard them, bestow on them the praise they deserve. The M. P's are tenacious fellows; and the *bar* of their house is a *bar* to the witticisms of many a comical dog: the finest *game* are always the most strictly preserved.

Lewis delighted us in *Jack Modern*; the character is neither novel nor strong, nor did the actor add to the novelty of the evening. He acted this part excellently. If he had played it *ill*, it would have been something new. Why does he talk of leaving the stage?

Solace (performed by the *hero* Emery) is a sort of copy of *Tyke*, in the School of Reform.

Miss Smith played with great propriety, but the part was beneath her talents. She delivered the epilogue admirably.

Our little favorite, Miss Norton, pleased us as usual; a little more of nature would not be amiss in her acting: the greatest art is to conceal art.

The play was received with the most unanimous applause, and is likely to continue a favourite.

The opera of the *Woodman* has been revived, and a very great treat it was. Incledon, in the bold manly English style of singing, gave us the greatest delight in the bravura, and in the streamlet (one of the most beautiful songs that ever flowed from the pen of a composer) he displayed that exquisite sweetness and melody which his voice preeminently posseses.

Taylor's performance of *O Donnell* was very respectable; we thought his attempting the part, when we *heard* of it, rather "too much upon the *brogue*:" but we were perfectly undeceived when we saw it. He obtained an universal encore in "*The Sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock so Green*: in the singing of which he is second to nobody but Johnstone.

Mrs. Dickons, in *Emily*, at once surprised and delighted us; her brilliancy of execution, her distinctness and clearness in the most intricate passages of the song, where she applies to Sir Walter, are entitled to the full meed of applause she met with from every part of the house; nor should the lively little *Liston* be forgotten. The robin who sings by the side of the nightingale is not omitted in ornithology. In the theatre, simple sweetness should have its share of praise with refined and brilliant execution.

Munden, as the *Old Baronet*, was, as he always is, rich and powerful: his applications of the "so forths" were truly ludicrous, and his song of "Sure never was seen such a creature," was hardly better composed than it was sung.

A farce by Allingham will have appeared before the publication of this number, with music by Mr. Cundell, but too late for us to notice it. Dibdin has a play in preparation, and *The Castle of Valanza*, an opera, with words, music, dances, &c. &c. entirely written, invented, composed, and compiled by the *honourable* and *reverend Augustus Barry*, brother to the Earl of Barrymore, is to be shortly produced. Metastasio's chorus, in his Adriano in Syria, is prophetic.

"Vivi a noi vivi ab impero
"Grande AUGUSTO, e latua fronte
"Su l'Oriente priginiero
"S' accostumi ab sacro allor."

Mr. Kemble is about to revive the Two Gentlemen of Verona.

From what we witnessed on the 30th of January, when the Messiah was performed, we are led to conclude that the Oratorios of the present season will be very attractive. Indeed, the magnetic powers of Mrs. Dickons and Mr. Braham, are alone sufficient to warrant this opinion.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

LONDON.

Married.] At the Greek Church, Mary-la-Bonne, the earl of Pembroke to the countess Woronzow.—William Frend, esq. actuary of the Rock Life Assurance Company, to Miss Blackburne, daughter of the rev. Francis B. and grand-daughter of the venerable and learned Archdeacon B.

At Mr. Rigby's house, in Grosvenor street, by special licence, Horace Beckford, esq only son of Peter Beckford, esq. of Stapleton, Dorset, to Miss Rigby, only daughter of lieutenant-colonel Rigby, of Mastley-hall, Essex.

At Bermondsey, James Osborne, esq. of Birmingham, to Miss Wright, daughter of the late Stephen W esq.

At St. George's Hanover-square, John Weatherill, esq. of Bootham, York, to Miss Peacock.

At St. Bride's, Fleet-street, Johnson Rogerson, esq. of Liverpool, to Mrs. Davis, of Cecil-street.

Died.] In the 80th year of his age, Mr. John Wingrave, many years a bookbinder of eminence in Red-Lion Court, Fleet-street, where he had the honour of being patronised by the duke of Grafton, Major Pearson, Isaac Reed, and several other first-rate collectors of curious books. He was also very regularly employed in binding works of elegance for the shop of Messrs. White. He was a citizen of London, the father of the book-binding trade, and one of the oldest inhabitants of St. Dunstan's parish; of which he was a constable in 1767, and apprehended the notorious Mrs. Brownrigg. He at that time published a curious "narrative of the many cruelties inflicted by her upon her apprentice, Mary Clifford, for which she received sentence of death, September 12, 1767."

In Farm-street, Berkeley-square, Mrs. Martha Atkinson.

In Parliament-street, Westminster, John Warburton, esq.

In Cork-street, Mrs. Turner, mother of General Turner.

At Hammersmith, Dr. Flower.

In Greek-street, Soho, Mrs. Watkins, widow of Daniel W. esq. of Turnham-green.

In Manchester-street, Mrs. Cooke, wife of the rev. Richard Cooke, of Lyndhurst.

In South-street, Finsbury-square, Charles Duncan, esq. of Chesterfield county, Virginia, North America.

Lieutenant-William Frome, of the 2d West India regiment, aged 25.

At Stanley-house, King's-Road, Chelsea, Leonard Morse, esq. of the War Office, F.R.S. and F.A.S.

In Union-street, Berkeley-square, Mrs. Oldfield, wife of Mr. Oldfield, statuary.

At an obscure lodging, in Ratcliffe Highway, where he fell a victim to poverty and disease, Mr. W. H. Hall, compiler of the Encyclopedia that bears his name, and several other works.

In Lower-Berkeley-street, Mrs. Rawlinson, relict of Henry Rawlinson, esq M.P. for Liverpool.

At his house in Arlington-street, Henry Gage, Viscount Gage of Castle Island, Baron of Castlebar in Ireland, and Baron Gage, of High Meadow in England, and a major-general in the army His lordship was in his 47th year. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son, Henry Hall, now in his 17th year. The viscountess, who survives him, was daughter to the late Colonel Skinner, and grand-daughter to the late Sir Peter Warren, K B.

At her house in Portland Place, the honourable Margaret Stuart Wortley Mackenzie, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with fortitude and resignation. This lady, once so celebrated for her beauty, and, during the whole course of her life, by the numerous virtues that adorned it, was descended from the noble and ancient house of Glencairn, being the only surviving daughter of Lieutenant-general sir David Cunningham, of Livingstone and Milncraig, by the right honourable lady Mary Montgomerie,

daughter of Hugh earl of Egrington, and grand-daughter of George earl of Aberdeen. Early in life, she was married to the honourable James Stuart Wortley, son of the famous John Earl of Bute, and brother to the present Marquis of Bute, by whom she has left issue, one son and two daughters—James Stuart Wortley, married the right honourable lady Caroline Crighton, daughter of the earl of Erne—Miss Wortley—Louisa, married to the lord Loraine, eldest son of the earl of Beverly, and nephew to his grace the duke of Northumberland.

At Greenwich, Ralph Davison, esq. nephew of the late lieutenant-governor Brown, of the Island of Guernsey. His death was occasioned by an accident which he met with some years ago, in humanely assisting to save the lives of the crew of his Majesty cutter the Pigmy, cast upon the shore of that island during a very dark and stormy night. This gentleman, then unfortunately received a violent blow from part of the rigging of that vessel being dashed against him by the wind, which broke his thigh, from the effects of which he never afterwards completely recovered. It may, therefore, be truly said, that this worthy young man has fallen a sacrifice to his laudable exertions in the cause of humanity. Subsequently to his temporary recovery, he was appointed, by the late administration, to the situation of superintendant of the victualling department of Greenwich Hospital; a place which he occupied till his death, with honour to himself, and with advantage to that public and patriotic institution. It is only doing justice to his memory to add, that his general abilities, extensive information, and acknowledged integrity, were such as would have befitted him, but for this melancholy accident, to have occupied a more prominent sphere in the ranks of society. His numerous amiable qualities endeared him to all his friends and acquaintances, and render his premature demise the cause of much sincere affliction and regret to his inconsolable relations.

At her house in Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, Charlotte Maria Countess of Euston, wife of the Earl of Euston, eldest son of the Duke of Grafton. Her ladyship was the second daughter of the second Earl of Waldegrave, by the late Duchess of Gloucester. The Countess of Euston had six sons and four daughters, several of whom survive her; she was in her 40th year, and was an example of every thing amiable in woman.

Of a typhus fever, in the 20th year of his age, Viscount Trafalgar, the only son of Earl Nelson. He was a most amiable and promising youth, and, in consequence of his death, the national honours and estates of Nelson will, on the decease of the present Earl, pass from the male to the female line through Mrs. Bolton, his sister, who has three sons, of whom Thomas, a minor, is the next in remainder. The remains of Lord Trafalgar were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, beside those of his immortal uncle.

In Howland-street, Tottenham-court road, aged 63, John Rodon, esq. late one of his Majesty's honourable privy council of the island of Jamaica, and custos rotulorum of the parish and precinct of St. Catherine.

In Buckingham-place, New Road, Mary-la-Bonne, aged 42, Mr, Robert Freebairn, an eminent landscape-painter. He was the youngest and last pupil of the celebrated Wilrow, who died before his education was completed. Soon after the death of his master, Mr. F. went to Italy to pursue his studies; where he remained ten years, and formed a style founded on the scenery and effects of Nature in that country, from which he never willingly departed. His intention seemed to be to produce beauty, and, when his subjects admitted it, as much grandeur as was consistent with that primary quality. Hence his pictures usually excite pleasing rather than the stronger sensations. During his stay in Italy, he was honoured with the patronage of Lord Clive, now Earl Powis, which was continued on his return to England, and strengthened with that of Lord Suffolk, Mr. Penn of Stoke Park, &c. &c. As his style of painting was finished, his productions were not numerous; he was principally employed in painting pictures that were ordered by his patrons. Hence the pictures that remain unsold are but few; and as they are in the possession of his family, it is presumed that they will soon be taken into the collection of the admirers of elegant art, and thus form a provision for his widow and four children, to whom his premature death will prove an irreparable loss.

In consequence of a fall from his

horse, the Marquis of Thomond, earl of Inchiquin, and baron of Thomond in England. His lordship was taking his usual ride in Grosvenor-square, on a grey poney, which he had been in the habit of riding for more than two years, when the animal fell and threw him on the pavement. Being from his great age very infirm, he was incapable of making any exertion to lessen the force of his fall. His lordship was conveyed into Lord Sidney's house. Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Heaviside were immediately sent for; but notwithstanding the means that were employed, his lordship expired in less than half an hour. The marquis has left one daughter, the countess of Orkney, in right of her mother. His second wife was Miss Palmer, niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who survives him. Having died without male issue, his lordship's brother, the hon. Edward O'Brien succeeds to the Irish earldom: the marquisate and the English barony are extinct.

BERKS

Married.] At Abingdon, B. A. C. Thornhill, esq. to Wilhelmina, countess de Wigintone, of Vale House, near Dorchester, widow of the count de Wigintone.

At Windsor, Captain Anson, of the Staffordshire militia, brother of Lord Anson, to Miss Ramsbottom, daughter of John Ramsbottom, esq. banker.

Richard Pottinger, esq. of Woorow Compton, to Miss M. Mathews, of Trilsham.

At Southstoke, the rev. T. Hewitt, of Chesham, Bucks, to Miss Woods.

Died.] At Waltham Place, Mrs. Milles, wife of Captain Milles.

At Aversham, John Pratt, esq.

At Workingham, the rev. John Mills, dissenting minister.

At Kintbury, Mrs. Murden, relict of John Murden, esq. and sister to the late rev. Thomas Fowle, many years vicar of that place, aged 73.

At Wallingford, the rev. Thomas Pentycross, rector of St. Mary's, in his 60th year.

At Windsor, Mr. Wheeler, brazier to their majesties, the oldest inhabitant of the town.

At Yattenden, within a few hours of each other, Mr. J. Smith, aged 88, and Sarah his wife, aged 86.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Married.] At March, in the Isle of Ely, Mr. John Woodward, to Miss Mary Gray, youngest daughter of Owen Gray, esq.

At Chesterton, Mr. David Robinson of Sawston, to Miss Stephenson, only daughter of Mr. S. Richardson.

Died.] At Duxford, Mrs. Payne, wife of Mr. Payne, dissenting minister.

At Ashley, aged 89, Mrs. Casburn.

At Thorney Abbey, Mary, third daughter of John Wing, esq. in her 18th year.

At Cottenham, Mrs. Phœbe Buttres, aged 92.

At Cambridge, Mr. Wilding and Mr. John Lodge, students of Trinity College.—Mrs. Newling, wife of John Newling, esq. one of the aldermen of the corporation.

At Chesterton, aged 77, Mr. Thos. Grundon, and a few hours after his funeral, his widow, Mrs. Grundon, aged 57.

CHESHIRE.

Married.] At Cheadle, Mr. Wm. Bailey, only son of A. Bailey, esq. of Macclesfield, to Miss Cooper.

At Midhurst, Mr. William Howard to Miss Mary Latham, of Clive, near Winsford.

Died.] At Chester, Mr. John Pierce, proctor, and about a week afterwards Rawlinson, clerk of St. John's church, and upwards of 35 years a chorister in the cathedral.—Mr. Benj. Carter, 67 years sexton of the parish church of St. John the Baptist, aged 85.

At the Hill-house, near Sandbach, aged 73, George Twemlow, esq.

At Winnington, Richard Pennant, Baron Penrhyn of Penrhyn, county of Louth, in Ireland. He was the son of John Pennant, esq. of Penrhyn; and was created a baron Sept. 20, 1783. In 1765, he married Anne-Susannah, only child and heiress of Lieutenant-general Hugh Warburton, of Winnington.

At Runcorn, Mrs. Walmsley, relict of James Walmsley, esq. late of North Shields, Northumberland, aged 34.

CUMBERLAND and WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Plympton, the rev. John Hodgson to Miss Stamper, only daughter of Thomas Stamper, esq. of Fair Bank near Penrith.

At Youngfield, George Brown, esq. captain in the 8th light dragoons, to Clara, youngest daughter of Edward Stanley, esq. late of Whitehaven.

Died.] At Workington, Mr. Thos. Jennings, attorney, aged 37.

At Whitehaven, Mr. George Vick-

ers, of the Black Lion inn.—Mr. W. Spedding, aged 75.—Mrs. Yeoward.

At Carlisle, Mrs. Bishopbrigg, aged 88.—In her 82d year, Mrs. Dinah Shepherd—Mr. Simon Park, a member of the Carlisle volunteers.

At Catcoats, aged 84, Mrs. M'Key.

At Riggfoot, parish of Kirklinton, Mr. William Graham, aged 82.

At Wigton, in her 87th year, Mrs. Furness.

At Kirkland, Kendal, aged 45, Mr. Robert Hodgson, adjutant of the Kendal and Lonsdale volunteers.

At Kendal, suddenly, Mr. Miles Hayton, formerly keeper of the house of correction, aged 66—In her 100th year, Mrs. Tyson—Aged 77, Mrs. Ann Newby.

CORNWALL.

A blacksmith named Samuel Cornish, living at Twelve Heads, in Kenwyn, near Truro, fell on a Saturday night into a shaft of Creegbraw's mine above seven fathoms deep, where he continued till next Tuesday morning; when he was taken out, so little injured, as to be able to walk home apparently unhurt: and, extraordinary as it may appear, he declared that during his abode in the shaft, he experienced neither hunger nor thirst. But a more wonderful fact still remains to be told: Having been missed all Sunday, by his family and neighbours, on Monday they repaired to the celebrated *Ladock conjurer*, who informed them, it seems, that the object of their search was alive and well, sitting upon a stone in the bottom of a shaft, and that if they were industrious in their search, and hit upon the right shaft before Tuesday noon, they would take him out alive. A *posse* of the *faithful* accordingly proceeded in the search, and completely verified the prediction of the conjurer.

Married.] At St. Breock, James Kempthorne, esq. son of Admiral Kempthorne, to Miss Borlase, daughter of George Borlase, esq. of Wadelridge.

At Mylor, Mr. Joliffe, master of his Majesty's ship Experiment, to Miss Bond, of Falmouth.

Died.] At Padstow, aged 83, Mrs. Peter, relict of William Peter, esq. late of Harlyn.

At Fowey, Nevil Norway, jun. esq. of the firm of Norway and Sons—Miss Fortescue, daughter of W. Fortescue, esq. late major of the Cornwal militia.

At Goldsithney, near Marazion' aged 85, Mr. Thomas Gundry.

DERBYSHIRE.

Died.] At Monyash, aged 55, Mr. Palfreyman, of High Sheen, Staffordshire.

At Greatrocks, Mrs. Shuttleworth, relict of the rev. Mr. Shuttleworth, vicar of Tideswell.

At Windley, Mr. Arthur Smails, a respectable farmer, whose mind having been in a deranged state for several days, he formed the dreadful resolution of putting a period to his life, which he effected in his hay-loft by means of a scythe, with which he nearly severed his head from his body.

At Winster, Mrs. Brittlebank, wife of Mr. B. attorney, aged 37.

At Repton, aged 71, Mrs. Ashmole.

At Darby, near Mattock, in her 23d year, Frances, the only surviving daughter of Mr. Oldham.

At Horsley Woodhouse, Mrs. Radford, relict of Mr. Francis R. aged 29.

DEVONSHIRE.

Married.] At Bishopsnympton, John Halse, esq. aged 75 years, to Miss Gregory, of Exford, aged 15.

At Stoke Damarel, William Bedford, esq. captain in the royal navy, to Miss Fanshawe, third daughter of Robert Fanshawe, esq. commissioner of Plymouth dock-yard.

At Tiverton, George James Riddle, esq. of Beauchamp-house, to Miss Laura Wood, youngest daughter of the rev. Thomas Wood—Mr. Robert Pring, to Miss Branscombe, only daughter of J. Branscombe, esq. of Elmore.

Died.] At Berry, near Totness, Charlotte, only surviving daughter of the late Thomas Newman, esq. of Bath.

At Starcross, in his 89th year, Robert Lydston Newcombe, esq. one of the justices of peace for this county, for which he served the office of high sheriff in 1780.

At Exeter, Mrs. Downman, wife of John Downman, esq.

At Exmouth, Mrs. Turguand, wife of Thomas Turguand, esq.—Aged 22, Miss Keelly, of Leeds, Yorkshire.

At Upton-costage, William Cholwich Lear, esq. aged 51.

At Barnstaple, Monniere Roch, esq. banker and merchant, who had been thrice mayor of that ancient corporation.

At Dartmouth, Harriet, the wife of

Thomas Holdsworth Hunt, esq. late of Oporto.

At Dower Columb, John Clements, a fisherman, aged 102 years.

At Plymouth, Lieutenant Robert Brown, commander of the Bienfaisant prison ship—Miss Beddeck, eldest daughter of R. Beddeck esq. agent to the naval hospital.

ESSEX.

Married.] At Great Dunmow, Mr. James Jarvice, aged 18, to Miss Hannah Cheek, aged 48.

At Horkesley, Charles Rooke, esq. captain in the royal artillery, to Miss Watson, eldest daughter of lieutenant-colonel Watson, of Westwood-house.

James Willis, Esq. one of the commissioners of the customs, to Miss Revett, only daughter of the late T. Revett, esq. of Brook-hall.

Died.] At Kelvedon, Mrs. Frost, wife of William Frost, esq.

At Stratford-grove, Mrs. Catharine Brett, relict of Jasper Brett, esq.

At Rettenden-place, Mr. Charles Lamprell, son of Mr. John Lamprell. He was on board the Leander, at the memorable battle of the Nile, and was taken in that ship, while on her passage home, after a defence scarcely surpassed by any in our naval annals.

At Chelmsford, Mr. John Young, serjeant in the Writtle volunteers, and formerly a schoolmaster in that place.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Married.] At Tewkesbury, John Martin, Esq. of Great Washbourn, to Mrs. Procter, widow of the late M. Procter esq.

John Twinberow, esq. of Cirencester, to Mits Boulter of Treddington, near Tewkesbury.

Captain Harrison, of the royal artillery, to Miss S. Mainwaring, youngest daughter of Mrs. Mainwaring of Barnwood.

At Glocester, Francis C. G. Lee, esq. of the royal marines, to Miss Healing, daughter of the late Thomas Healing, esq. of Apperley.

James West, esq. of Alscot-park, near Stratford, to Miss Roberts, daughter of —— Roberts, esq. of Old Combe.

Died.] At the Ree, near Glocester, Mrs. Anne Horde, daughter of Thos. Horde, esq. of Swell, aged 60.

At Hicclecote, Mrs. Mills, relict of Lawrence Mills, esq. in her 91st year.

At Bicknor-court, Mrs. Wyrhall, daughter of George Wyrhall, esq. a lady of polite accomplishments, extensive knowledge, and most amiable manners; whose heart and hand were ever ready to distribute the balm of comfort to the afflicted.

At Glocester, Mrs. Prosser, wife of Walter Prosser, esq. formerly in the service of the East India Company—Aged 72, Nicholas Barnes, esq.

At Bradwinton, in his 81st year, Mr. James Saggirni, house-steward to the duke of Beaufort, in whose family he lived upwards of 44 years, with the greatest credit.

HAMPSHIRE.

Died.] At Worthy, near Winchester, Miss Sarah Page, daughter of Daniel Page, esq. late barrack-master in that city, aged 24.

At Southampton, Mrs. Duthy, relict of John Duthy, esq. receiver-general for this county, aged 79—In her 90th year, Mrs. Robinson, wife of Mr. Robinson, late tide-surveyor of this port.

At Portsmouth, Mrs. Halsey, relict of Richard Halsey, esq. a lady of extensive charity.

At Monk Sherborne, Mrs. Helen Deane, relict of John Deane, esq.

KENT.

Not long since, was committed to the house of correction, Maidstone, aged 89 years, Dinah Shadgate, formerly an errant woman from Otham to Maidstone, but late a pauper in Coxheath Workhouse, charged with *abusing, assaulting, and putting in bodily fear*, the master and mistress of the said workhouse, for which indecorous behaviour she was ordered to be kept to hard labour for one calendar month.

Died.] At Maidstone, in his 74th year, Thos. Ogles, esq. one of the justices of peace for that place.

At Barham-court, the infant son of Samuel Tyssen, esq.

At Dartford, aged 22, the lady of R. Smith, esq.

At Bromley, in her 81st year, Mrs. Booth, relict of Robert Booth, esq.

At Tenterden, Mrs. Waterman, wife of Mr. Waterman, attorney.

At Canterbury, Mrs. Cumming, relict of Mr. John Cumming, attorney—Henrietta-Mary, fourth daughter of the rev. W. Champneys—Mrs. Shrubsole, relict of Mr. William Shrubsole, organist of Spa-fields and St. Bartholomew's chapels, London.

At Rochester, Mr. Minchin, surgeon.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Married.] At Spalding, Mr. G. M. Edmonds, nephew of G. Maxwell, esq. of Fleiton-lodge, near Peterborough, to Miss Robinson, only daughter of John Robinson, esq. of Gosberton.

Died.] At Clea, near Grimsby, aged 75, Mrs. Elizabeth Fredlington, a maiden lady. She had long lived in a penurious manner, but after her decease, upwards of 3,400*l.* in gold was found in her house, wrapped up in small linen bags, containing about 100*l.* in each; together with some silver and copper coin; altogether weighing five stone two pounds. She was possessed of landed property to the amount of 4 or 5000*l.*

At Lincoln, aged 56, the rev. Robert Wharton, chancellor of the cathedral of that city, archdeacon of Stowe, and rector of Sigglesthorne, in the the East Riding of Yorkshire. The attention he shewed to relieve the wants and promote the comfort of his parishioners, will long render his memory dear to them.—Mr. Jefferys, governor of the house of industry, aged 53.

At Spalding, Mr. Tim, miller. In a fit of delirium he cut his throat so dreadfully with a razor, that, after languishing three days, he died in consequence. During this interval he expressed the utmost contrition for the deed, declaring that he knew not what he had done until he found the blood streaming from the wound. He was able to dictate his will, and conversed with his friends in the most rational manner previous to his dissolution.

At Brough, Mrs. Green, relict of Francis Green, esq. of Glocester-place, London.

At South Luffenham, William Trollope, esq. brother to Sir John Trollope, bart.

At Scawby, Mr. Robert Grantham, second son of the rev. Dr. Grantham, vicar of that place, aged 16.

NORFOLK.

A couple lately applied at a clerk's in Norwich for their bans to be published. The clerk being from home, his deputy *took the order*, and received the usual fee. The proclamation was accordingly thrice legally made; but unfortunately, the parties carousing at a public-house, the night before the intended wedding-day, a quarrel arose, when the man, with an imprecation, declared he would not marry the betrothed fair one, which she returned with a similar oath: a by-stander as solemnly protested he would marry the angry damsel, and she instantly accepted his offer. The next day therefore they repaired to the church. The clerk never having seen the first man, or suspecting the change which had taken place, the ceremony was performed, and being asked his name, the bridegroom answered Japson. The first man's name being Jepson, the minister observed, the clerk had spelt the name with an *e* instead of an *a*; but as it was of little consequence, he made the necessary correction, and they all departed, without ever supposing that an illegal wedding had been solemnized.

Married.] At Raveningham, Captain Hodge, of the seventh light dragoons, to Miss Maria Bacon, youngest daughter of Sir Edmund Bacon, premier baronet of England.

Died.] At Swaffham, Mrs. Balls, relict of Richard Balls, gent. of Catfield, and daughter of the rev. Rogen Donne, formerly rector of that parish.

At Hayneford, aged 27, Rachael, wife of the rev. Joseph L'Oste, rector of that place.

At Threxton, Walter Barton, esq. aged 56.

At East Somerton, Mrs. Knights, relict of E. Knights, esq. aged 76.

At Lexham-hall, the infant daughter of Frederic Keppel, esq.

At Egmere, aged 56, Mr. Thomas Purdy, whose skill, as a scientific agriculturalist, has long been acknowledged by the most competent judges.

At Yarmouth, aged 75, captain James Hayward, after a paralytic affliction of 29 years.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

Married.] At Newcastle, Robert Maling, esq. of Hilton, to Miss Potts.

At Stockton, —— Craythorn, esq. of Craythorn, Yorkshire, to Miss Catherine Coats, niece to J. R. Rowntree, esq. of Stockton.

At Eglingham, James Scott, jun. to Miss Glenholm.

At Lamberton Toll Bar, Mr. Martin Morrison, a lieutenant in the Percy Tenantry volunteer Infantry, to Miss France, of Pennington.

Died.] At Newcastle, in the 85th year of her age, Mrs. Baker, relict of the late Mr. Alderman Baker, a lady of extensive fortune, which she dispensed with a most liberal hand to the

poor and indigent, who will have reason deeply to regret her loss. Her liberality to the different public charitable institutions of the town stands on record, and her last act of charity was *5l.* to the widows and orphans of Blyth.

Mrs. Catharine Kitching, of Pickhill, Yorkshire, widow of the rev. James Kitching, late vicar of that parish, whom she survived but a few months—Mrs. Ogilvie, relict of the rev. Andrew Ogilvie, of Linton, Roxburghshire.

At Warkworth, Miss Clutterbuck, daughter of the late Richard Clutterbuck, esq.

At Durham, Mrs. H. Woodifield, wife of Matthew Woodifield, esq. of the college, aged 83.

At Snipe-house, near Alnwick, Mrs. Mary Horsely, in her 97th year.

At Prudhoe, Anthony Humble, esq.

At Berwick, Mr. Robert Greeve, son of Burnet Roger Greeve, esq. aged 31.

At Unthank-hall, in his 86th year, John Twedell, esq. the senior magistrate for the county of Northumberland.

At Painshaw Staiths, near Sunderland, aged 19, James Hudson Lishman, eldest son of the rev. Wm. Lishman, of Doddington.

At Chester le Street, Mr. William Irwin, aged 95.

At Morpeth, in his 91st year, Mr. Benjamin Thompson.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Swancliffe, aged 70, the rev. John Caswell, vicar of that parish.

At Baldon House, Sir C. Willoughby, bart. an active magistrate for the counties of Oxford and Buckingham, and one of the verderers of Wichwood-forest, aged 59.

At Oxford, Mrs. Bricknell, relict of William Bricknell, esq, of Evenload, Worcestershire.—Aged 57, Mr. Bliss, bookseller.—In her 81st year, Mrs. Wickham, relict of the rev. Wm. Wickham, of Garsington.

At Woodstock, Miss Elizabeth Cross, seventh daughter of the late Mr. Richard Cross.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Great Ness, William Payne, esq. of the Red House, to Miss Margaret Mansell.

At Ellesmere, Mr. Francis Lee, solicitor, to Miss Thomas.

Died.] At Neen Sollers, near Cleobury, in his 86th year, Thomas Wall, esq. He regularly hunted his own hounds upwards of 50 years, and within the last two has been at the deaths of the fox, hare, and others.

At Upper Berwick, near Strewsbury, Samuel Darley, esq.

At Oswestry, the rev. Daniel Griffiths.—Aged 67, Mrs. Catharine Jones.

At Heath House, Mrs. Beale, relict of Thomas Beale, esq.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Bath, J. F. Gyles, esq. to Miss Morgan.—The rev. William Marshall, to Caroline, daughter of Benjamin Cole, esq.—Edward Webb, esq. of Sion Hill, to Miss Mary Price.

At Taunton, St. Mary, John Brooks, esq to Miss Hallet.

At Bristol, C. L. Muller, esq. of the Paragon, Blackheath, to Miss M. B. Fox, eldest daughter of Edward Long Fox, esq. of Brislington House.

Died.] At Bristol, Mr. John Snell, aged 80. He has left three children, the youngest thirty years of age, who have been so divided in residence, that he never saw them altogether in his life; and they met for the first time at his funeral.

At Wilton-house, near Taunton, Mrs. Pleydell, relict of Jonathan Morton Pleydell, esq.

At Bath, Lady Blunden, wife of Sir John Blunden, bart. of Castle Blunden, county of Kilkenny, Ireland.—Edward Horne, esq. of Bevis Mount, near Southampton who, about the year 1775, purchased the Leasowes in Shropshire, for which county he was high sheriff in 1780.—Lady Byard, relict of Sir Thomas Byard, a captain in the royal navy—John Irving, esq. late lieutenant-colonel of the first West India regiment, aged 48. He began his military career at an early period of his life and served with distinguished reputation at the siege of Gibraltar, and on many other occasions, for above thirty years. He has left four children, the eldest of whom, a daughter, is married to Sir William Ouseley.

In Walcot Poor-house, Bath, Jas. Waite, aged 107. He was born in the house adjoining the White-horse cellar, opposite Walcot church, and was never out of the parish a twelvemonth together. He lived as a servant to old "Squire Hooper" 16 years; but was the greater part of his life a chairman. He remembers when there were only eight houses in the parish of Walcot, and no poor-rate! There

were two capital clothiers in it. Waite had three wives; by the first he had fifteen children, one of whom survives him, and who is likewise a chairman. He went into the poor-house April 7, 1787; and was then, by his own account, 97, though it was reported he was 103. He has lived there nearly 11 years, and always expressed himself grateful for the humane attention he experienced. He perfectly recollected hearing about the death of Queen Anne, and the coronation of George 1. His faculties were clear till within three or four days of his dissolution.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Stoke upon Trent, John Campbell, esq. of South Lambeth, London, to Miss Wright, of Shelton.

At Handsworth, Joseph Grice, esq. to Miss Hill, of Henwick, near Worcester.

At Westbromwich, Mr. Thomas Martin, of Birmingham, to Miss Mary Fisher, second daughter of Mr. James Fisher, ironmaster and banker of the former place.

Died.] At Bricknall Cottage, George Simpson, formerly a captain in the Staffordshire militia.

At Lane-end, Mrs. Evans, wife of Mr. Evans, attorney.

At Market, Drayton, Miss Wright, only daughter of Mr. William Wright, aged 17.

Aged 60, Mrs. Ward, wife of Mr. Ward, late of the mill, near Stafford.

SUFFOLK.

Died.] At Cockfield-hall, aged 58, Lady Blois, at Stanton, in her 48th year, Mrs. Crosbie, wife of J. Crosbie, esq.

At Beccles, aged 54, Mr. John Lincoln, merchant, whose death was occasioned by imprudently plunging his feet into cold water during a paroxism of the gout.—Aged 60, Mr. William Scraggs, joint manager of a company of comedians, well known in this county, a man possessing much eccentric humour, and highly respected as a social companion.

Mr. Joshua Willis, of Raydon. He rose from his bed very early one morning, left his shirt, with his other clothes, in his sleeping room, and and walked naked to a guide-post on the road leading from Raydon to Stoke, on which he was found hanging by the arms. On being taken into the next house he died, in consequence of having, in a fit of frenzy, beaten and bruised himself against the post, and and from the inclemency of the weather. It appeared that he belonged to a society of fanatics, and had some days before been almost distracted; that his mind was distressed concerning a future state, and that he wished to die upon the guide-post, as Christ did upon the cross.

SURRY.

Married.] Mr. Richard Dallet, nephew of Richard Dallet, esq. of Merton Hall, to Miss Mary Sparke, youngest daughter of Richard Sparks, esq. of Wornish, near Guilford.

Died.] At Shere, near Guilford, Mrs. Ann Duncomb, relict of the rev. Mr. Duncomb, many years rector of that parish, aged 67.

At Kingston, Mr. Hall, adding one to the melancholy catalogue of suicides, originating in ease from want of employment, after retiring from an active life. He had suddenly left off business, after acquiring a considerable property entirely by his own industry; but from that time despondency seized and daily gained upon him, until at length he escaped from the *labours* of *idleness* by cutting his throat.

SUSSEX.

Died.] At Brighton, Mrs. Coldcall, relict of the rev. Charles C. prebendary of Rochester, and vicar of Ashburnham in this county, aged 81. She was the daughter of the late gen. Parslow. — William Hoare, esq. of Powis-place, London.

At Brighton, Mrs. Bennet, the popular novelist: this lady was born in the year 1743, and was ill but a very short time previous to her decease; in her writings she displayed a great soundness of mind and fertility of imagination, in her private life as a mother and friend. She will long be lamented. She has left two daughters, and a son a captain in the navy; one of the daughters is unmarried; the other is Mrs. Ester, formerly a popular actress at Covent-Garden Theatre. Mrs. Bennett's novels are: "The Welsh Heiress:" "Ellen of Castle Howell:" "Juvenile Indiscretions:" "The Beggar Girl:" and "Vicissitudes Abroad." She had nearly finished a sixth, which we understand was on the eve of publication.

At Chichester, Mrs. Dearling, relict of alderman D.—Mr. R. Barret of the castle inn.

At Danby, Edward Campion, esq. aged 67.

At East Bourne, very suddenly, major Grenside, commanding the North York militia, stationed at that place. He was in good health and spirits, playing at cards at his lodgings with some friends, so late as nine o'clock on the night of his death. He is much regretted by the regiment, as he was a good officer and an excellent man.

At Shoreham, Henry Medley Kilvington, esq. barrack-master at that place.

At Lewes, Mr. C. Turner, attorney, aged 64.

In her 80th year, Mrs. Spilsbury, relict of Mr. John S. formerly master of the Lewes arms inn.

At Bish court, East Grinstead, Mrs. Ewart, relict of John Ewart, esq. late of Gower-street, London, aged 88.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Married.] The rev. James Davenport, D.D. vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, to Mrs. Webb, relict of — Webb, esq. of Sherborne hill, near Warwick.

At Birmingham, the rev. John Eockin, of Keynsham near Bristol, to Miss Jones.

Died.] At Atherstone, Wm. Freer, esq.—Miss Eliz. Allport.

At Dunchurch, aged 82, Mrs. T. Trayson, who, for upwards of forty years, kept the star inn at that place.

At Birmingham, Mr. Wm. Green, formerly a merchant resident at Lisbon —Mrs. Taylor, aged 80.—Mr. Robert Guest, in his 80th year.

At Coventry, aged 78, Mrs. E. Mitchell—Mr. Phillips, officer of excise.

At Kenilworth, Mr. John Packer.

WILTSHIRE.

Married.] At Salisbury, Mr. *Butcher* to Miss *Baker*. The bride was given away by her maternal uncle, Mr. *Brewer*, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, was the rev. Mr. *Painter*.

At Christian-Malford, Robert Middleton Alty, esq of Whitby, Yorkshire, to Miss Lucy, youngest daughter of the rev. W. Willes, archdeacon of Wells.

At Semmington, Mr. Thomas Burges, of Melksham, to Miss Taylor, only child of Matthew Taylor, esq.

Died.] At Sopworth-House, Mrs. Hardwicke, wife of the rev. Dr. Hardwicke.

At Penleigh, near Westbury, G. T. B. Turner, esq. who served the office high sheriff for the county, in 1796.

At Swindon, James Crowdy, esq. solicitor, aged 46.

At Melksham, Mrs. Warneford, relict of the rev. John Warneford, formerly rector of Bassingham, Lincolnshire, and Camden professor of history in the university of Oxford.

At Chippenham, Capt. Basil Alves, of the royal marines. He was present at the battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar.

At Bradford, the rev. Edw. Bowles, rector of that place, and formerly of Hertford College, Oxford.

At Warminster, Charles Webb, esq.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Married.] At Blockley, Charles Cockerell, esq. of Seizincott, Gloucestershire, to the hon. Harriet Rushout, second daughter of lady Northwick, of Northwick park.

At Mitton Chapel, Mr. Edward Brand, of Gainsborough, to Miss Mary Anne Leight, daughter of Mr. Wm. L. of the crown and anchor tavern, Stourport.

Died.] At Low Hill, near Worcester, Miss Charlottee Catharine Elrighton, daughter of Thomas Elrighton, esq.

At Worcester, Richard Rowland's esq. who served the office of mayor of this city in 1801.—Mrs. Meredith, wife of Mr. Meredith, formerly an attorney of Tewkesbury.

At Haly Hall, near Dudley, of the hydrophobia, Mr. Joseph Parkes, son of Mr. *Z.* Parkes, iron-master, aged 22. This young man was bitten last November by his father's dog, which afterwards proved to be mad. Three days after the accident, he went to bathe in the sea, and so confident were he and his friends in the safety of this remedy, that no other application was made to the bitten part.

YORK.

Died.] At Middleton Tyas, in the North Riding, Barbara Macknay, aged 102 years. She was born in the county of Northumberland, of respectable parents, tenants of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. During her long life she enjoyed uninterrupted good health, and retained the perfect possession of all her faculties to the last.

At Escrick, near York, John Strangeways, in the 101st year of his age, the greatest part of which he passed in the service of the worthy proprietors of that estate, the Thompsons. He scarcely had ever a days illness, and used to say that he was born on St. James's day, 1707.

After a few hours illness, Mrs. Catterson of Silsden Moor, near Skipton, relict of Silvester Catterson, gent. at the advanced age of 102 years; she enjoyed her intellectual faculties to the very last.

At Bransby, Francis Cholmeley, esq.

At Hunslet, Wm. Hartley, esq. upwards of 35 years a principal acting partner in the extensive pottery, near Leeds.—The rev. James Milner, thirty years minister of that place.

At York, Mrs. Knight, relict of Robert Knight, esq. of Apperley-bridge.—Aged 79, Mr. Harry Abbey, one of the common-councilmen for Micklegate ward.—Mr. Benj. Tate, solicitor.

At Wakefield, Daniel Smallpage, esq. aged 45.

At Hull, Mrs Parker, wife of J. C. Parker, esq.—Mrs. Mason, wife of Mr. Peter Mason, of the king's coffee house.

At Mawnby, near Northallerton, Francis Hutchinson, esq.

At Ickles, near Rotherham, aged 54, John Hall, esq.

At Birkin, near Ferrybridge, Wm. Tontill, esq.

YORKSHIRE.

Married.] At Sheffield, Thomas Phillips, esq. of the royal marines, to Miss Tudor, eldest daughter of the late H. Tudor, esq.

At Harwood, Mr. John Benson of East Keswick, aged 75, to Mrs. Fowler, of the same place, aged 85. The bride possesses 2000*l.* almost all in gold, hoarded together during her long life, and carefully concealed under a large flag-stone.

At Pontefract, James Banks, esq. of Wakefield, cousin to sir Joseph Banks, to Miss Mary Barnard, daughter of the late L. Bolder Barnard, esq. of South Cove, and sister to lady Carrington.

At Brantingham, William Johnston, esq. of Wandsworth, Surrey, to Miss Ann Nelson, only surviving daughter of William Nelson, esq.

At Scarbro', Captain Roberts, son of the late Joseph Roberts, esq. of Morpeth, to Miss Dunlop.

An advertisement lately appearing in one of the London papers for a *wife*, it was answered, we understand, by an arch wag from the country: and after a short correspondence, the advertiser arrived in Yorkshire, tiptoe in expectation, to meet an angel of sixteen and a copartnership in a lucrative concern in trade. His surprise, however, may be easily judged, when it turned out that he could find no other angel than the sign of the inn where he put up (his charming *incognita* being *in nubibus*), and that a journey of 160 miles to the north was the extent of his speculation.

A Yorkshire farmer having been involved in difficulty respecting a barn which belonged to him, and which was considered by a body of parishioners to have been forfeited, resolved to go to London for the advice of a civilian. Accordingly he left the country, and upon his arrival in town, he went to Dean's court, Doctors' Commons, where meeting a civilian, he asked him, "Pray, sir, are you a *silly man?* because, if you are, I am come to *insult* you." The civilian, comprehending his meaning, took him to his office, and after hearing his case, told him, "that in the eye of the law his barn was forfeited; but if his landlord was not an austere man, to offer him an equivaleni, and to get two arbitrators and an umpire, and to put the matter into a train of conclusion."—"Thank you vastly," said the farmer: and after paying the lawyer his fee, he returned into Yorkshire where, collecting the body of parishioners, he informed them, "that he had seen the *larned* man, who said *as how* my barn is *mortified*; but if my landlord be not an *oyster* man, I am to offer him an *elephant* and to get two *fornicators* and a *trumpeter* and put the matters into a *drain* of *confusion*.

IRELAND.

Died.] At his seat, in the county of Sligo, Sir Malby Crofton, Bart.

At Cork, at an advanced period, and after an illness of considerable duration, Reuben Harvey, esq. of the society of quakers. To the usual acquirements of a gentleman, he united vigour and strength of mind, a perception from which nothing could escape; a memory tenacious of what had been impressed upon it, and a power of reasoning and prejudging from circumstances, which in their combination formed him a man of the first ability, scarcely excelled, and equalled by very few. Those talents warmly cherished civil liberty, and for many years were exerted in its maintenances against every effort at its depression. When the madness

and imbecility of an English ministry had forced America from her connexion with England, and compelled her to assert her independence, he strenuously and steadfastly rebuked the folly and vice of the measures which had pressed her to it, and ardently and zealously advocated her cause in conjunction with the best and ablest men of that time. By his intercourse with America, he supplied them with information to defend her, and through him were first communicated in the British parliament, the most important occurrences of the war in America. The value of his talents wss fully appreciated by some of the ablest statesmen who have been in the English administration: and a reliance upon his ability, his truth, and his honour, gained him their confidence, and their frieudship. His love of freedom, and his attachment to America, only ended with his life. in the pursuit to which Mr. Harvey had attached himself, his ability was never dodbted, his integrity never questioned. As a commercial man, or as a politician, his mind was equally just and comprehensive. It was competent to all situations, to almost all subjects. In the softer relations of life, Mr. Harvey was as distinguished, he was a good and an affectionate father, a generous and sincere friend. Few lived with more respect, few have died more regretted.

At Newmarket, county of Clare, in the 96th year of his age, Michael Farrel, the well known monarch of the mendicants of Munster, over whom he reigned for seventy years with mildness, justice, and moderation. He oftener dispensed bounty to, than exacted tribute from, his subjects; and, in the course of his long reign, was never accessary to the death of one human being. Hackball, the renowned king of the beggars in Dublin, sported a vehicle, which removed his august body from place to place, by one of the tribe of Balaam's counsellors, ycleped a jack ass; but King Farrel disdained any assistance of this kind, and made use of what nature furnished him with to bear him about, namely, a stout pair of legs. He, however, had for his support, a long quarter-staff, which he occasionally used for his protection, having no body-guards; this staff was adorned, towards the head, with brass nails, &c. which gave it very much the appearance of a sceptre. He did not wear an imperial crown, like that of Bonaparte, nor any such frippery gewgaws as that king-maker has decorated the noddles of his servile tribe with, but a hat resembling that of a cardinal in shape—in size, indeed, it was large enough for the aforesaid ruler of France, with the four kings of his kindred to take shelter from a shower of rain, and his great coat would have covered a tent for them: it is therefore evident, that our royal hero was of large stature; he was also well-made, had a majestic deportment, with a very intelligent and benign countenance.

In Tralee, the rev. Edward Day, L.L.D. archdeacon of Ardfert: a gentleman of great worth, universal benevolence, and liberality of sentiment, most sincerely and deservedly lamented by his respectable family, connexions, and friends.

At Charleville, Mrs. Sandiford, wife of the rev. H. Sandiford.

At Scart-Barry, aged 23, James Wilson, esq. of T. C. D. whose purity of manners and goodness of heart, render his early loss irreparable to his afflicted friends and relatives.

In Dublin, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with uncommon patience and truly religious resignation, the lady of sir Frederick Flood, Bart. She was sister to the late right honourable sir Henry Cavendish, (whose eldest son is now lord Waterpark,) and daughter of the right honourable sir Henry Cavendish, bart. who died teller of the exchequer, and grand daughter of the lord chief justice Pym. Her death is lamented by all ranks and descriptions of people, and will be severely felt by the poor.

ERRATA in No. 5.

"In the Choice of a Leader," for "dose," read "*rose.*"

And in the review of "*The Faro Table,*" the word "*postscript,*" is *improperly* spelt *rightly*, Mr. Hughes having *learnedly* spelt it "*post-cript.*"

DIVERSION

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ONS OF PURLEY. *Vide. page 119.*

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